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The Week

MANY advocates of inflation have suggested that the way to bring back prosperity is for the government to issue a "bonus for everybody"—hand out a specified sum of money to every adult in the country in order to force consumer spending. Mr. Roosevelt is not now prepared to go in for anything so openly inflationary as that; but he has approved a plan which will help to restore to individuals and business concerns purchasing power which they once actually possessed. Government credit is now to be used to unfreeze the frozen assets of banks which were closed last March and are still shut. The Reconstruction Finance Corporation will make advances to these banks, up to the estimated present value of their assets, and this money will be distributed pro rata among their depositors. Fifty cents on the dollar is a rough guess as to what they are likely to receive, and the total amount thus put into circulation will be at least a billion. The move will also help the government in regard to the knotty problem presented by the plan for guaranteed deposits, which comes into effect on January 1. The scheme is a useful supplement to the public-works program, and is to be commended on that ground. If the assets thus made liquid prove actually to be worth what the government loans on them, the move will not be inflationary at all, in the sense of expanding government expenditures more than government receipts. But it will be "reflationary" in any event.

THE federal government is at last preparing to go into the housing business on its own account. Faced by the apathy or hostility of real-estate interests toward proposals for slum clearance and the erection of low-priced, adequate housing for the poor, it is planning to do such work itself, first in the city of Washington and afterward, if present plans go through, in other communities as well. The chief reason set forth is that such housing is a desirable supplement to other types of public works which are now being pushed, but actually, the government-built houses should be of great value as an object lesson to the communities where they will appear. They will furnish a type of competition which the private speculative builder badly needs and which, it is increasingly clear, is not likely to come in sufficient quantities from any other quarter. The argument against government housing is, of course, that it "paralyzes competition by private enterprise." But such competition is already paralyzed; if these houses are to be built at all in the immediate future, it must be by the direct expenditure of federal funds.

THE Senate banking committee is moving swiftly to bring to a close its indictment of Wall Street. When the record is complete the Senate will face the task of passing laws to deal with the abuses exposed. No one needs to be told that while Mr. Pecora was delving into the affairs of the bankers and brokers last summer, these gentlemen were not idle. Their chief objective now will be to spike the passage of any laws to hinder them. This being the case, it is difficult to behold without wonder the emergence in Washington of a committee, blessed by the President, to study the stock market and to propose remedies. The prime mover in forming this committee apparently is Assistant Secretary of Commerce John Dickinson. Last year he was busy defending the Sugar Institute against a Sherman

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Law prosecution. That was a proper enough employment for a lawyer then in private practice, but it is well to remember that he was employed by the Wall Street law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell. That at least throws some light on his alliances. And when he set out to form his committee one of the first to be invited to join it was Mr. Arthur Dean, a partner in the Sullivan and Cromwell firm. Mr. Dean is one of the chief enemies of the present Securities Act and has been advising the investment bankers in their fight on it.

ANOTHER member of the committee is Mr. Dean Acheson, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, well recognized as a Wall Street influence in that department. One of his law partners was on the Morgan preferred lists along with Mr. Acheson's present chief, Secretary Woodin. Professor A. A. Berle is also a member, but he already is engaged in at least a dozen directions for the administration and he cannot be anything more than window dressing on this committee. What is more, nobody could possibly know as much about anything as Mr. Berle is popularly supposed to know about everything, and it is a fair guess that there may be some large round holes in his knowledge of the stock market. The Senate Committee is pursuing its studies and feels that it has the right to make its own recommendations. The leap of the Department of Commerce into the breach to supply the nation with cures for Wall Street's wickedness, cures concocted by three Wall Street lawyers, can only be considered as a piece of inexcusable impudence. These gentlemen, of course, have a perfect right to propose legislation, but they should do it as Wall Street lawyers and not as representatives of the President or the people. The President ought to repudiate their insolent act at the earliest moment.

LABOR struggles in rural California, described in Ella Winter's article on page 303 of this issue of The New Republic, reached a climax on October 11, when at least six strikers were killed and an unknown number wounded in outbreaks at Tulare, Arvin and other localities of the cotton-growing district. The attack at Tulare, where cotton pickers receiving sixty cents a hundred pounds were striking for a rate of a dollar a hundred pounds, must be listed among the most brutal in the violent history of American labor. According to the Scripps-Howard paper, The San Francisco News, whose correspondent and photographer were present at the shooting, the strikers had gathered before their headquarters when ten automobiles filled with armed ranch owners and their hired assistants surrounded the meeting. The meeting adjourned; the strikers were crossing the street to their headquarters when one of the ranch owners deliberately fired into the crowd. Several strikers jumped on him, and the ranch owners, barricaded behind their cars, began pouring shots into the crowd and into the union hall. "I saw eleven persons shot down in cold blood," the News reporter wrote. "One was a woman. Three were killed. . . . The strikers broke, ran into their red-brick, two-storied headquarters building. All but a few. They lay in their own tracks. . . . Some lay very still. Others weakly pulled themselves up on their elbows, tried to crawl to safety out of the line of fire. . . . Not so much as a water pistol appeared in the hands of the besieged strikers."

AS THE shooting died down, a state-highway police inspector drove up to the scene and sat in his car blowing the horn while the ranch owners drove slowly away. In the nearby community of Arvin two more strikers were killed in an attack by vigilantes. As at Lodi, where on October 5 five hundred striking vineyard workers were rounded up and held under armed guard, the attackers had no authority except that which they assumed themselves and supported by force of arms. The Tulare case is all the more significant because the growers had rejected mediation and because appeals to Governor Rolph to restore order in the district have been refused. Even if the outbreaks have ended, the last few weeks in California must rank with the darkest period of the Ludlow massacre and the Centralia case in anti-labor violence, and there is little ground for hoping that they have ended.

IT IS pleasant indeed to report that Harlan County, Kentucky, which two years ago was the scene of more murders than the newspapers ever found space to chronicle, has recently undergone a nearly bloodless revolution. Employees of the Black Mountain Coal Corporation, which gave the signal for the famous strike by dismissing miners who joined the union, are now completely organized. At Evarts, scene of the battle in which a dozen were killed, an open mass meeting was attended by 5,000 miners, and no official forbade it, for all the officials were friendly. The men who had enforced coal-company law for so many years were all defeated in the last election—John Henry Blair, whom everyone called the High Sheriff; Baby Face Jones, the county judge; Will Brock, the commonwealth attorney who saw to it that miners were convicted while gun thugs went scot free—every last one of them is now in retirement. The election was tranquil, but it was preceded by a primary in the best Harlan County tradition. Several gun thugs in the pay of the old gang were discovered stuffing ballot boxes—and presently their more or less bullet-riddled bodies were deposited on the steps of the Harlan Court House and High Sheriff Blair was invited to take care of them. Four killings; no arrests, and the ballot boxes weren't stuffed after all. . . . Some of our readers will recall that the Communists went down to Harlan County two years ago. Before they came, the tally of killings had been fairly even—so many miners, so many deputy sheriffs and mine guards. But the Com-

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munists, who are supposed to preach violence, are in practice violently opposed to the use of firearms. They introduced methods of peaceful picketing into a county that was hardly prepared for this refinement of civilization. After their arrival, the miners went right on being killed, but not a single gun thug was shot in retaliation. Then the Communists left and the miners got their old Winchesters out of hiding. Some of the most notorious Harlan County killers have since that time been given quiet funerals. Whatever happens in the rest of the world, Harlan is back to normalcy.

IN The New Republic of October 4 (page 216) appeared a letter from Don West, Monteagle, Tennessee, discussing conditions in the Berry Schools, which are near Rome, Georgia. Mr. West charged that students, all of whom do manual labor in exchange for part of their tuition and living expenses, had formerly been paid sixteen to eighteen cents an hour, but have now been reduced to ten to twelve cents, though tuition remained the same and prices in the school store, "where students must buy their supplies," were raised considerably. He said that the students had gone out on strike and that in consequence the officials had promised to 'endeavor to meet the demands" and not to expel students for striking. He added that "since they returned to work, students report that the authorities are holding the club of expulsion over their heads."

WE HAVE now received about 200 letters from trustees, faculty members, students and friends of the Berry Schools, all of them strongly repudiating Mr. West's general attitude, though hardly any of them answer or comment on his specific charges. Most of these letters are from students, and bear internal evidence that the writers have not seen Mr. West's letter. Indeed, a number of them say that his charges are not true, and add, "Please send me a copy of the issue containing his statement." These letters say, in general, that Mr. West is not an alumnus, but was required to leave the Berry Schools; that he is a radical who wishes to destroy the Berry Schools and all others of the same type; that the students are grateful for the privilege of being at Berry and that each year many times more persons apply for admission than are accepted. Mr. H. Leland Green, president of the Berry Schools, misquotes Mr. West's letter as saying that students are paid ten cents an hour, and says that the rate is twelve and one-half cents. He adds:

> The school store is maintained for the benefit of both our students and faculty. Our people are at liberty to buy where they choose. The store exists solely to save them money. Berry students have not been on strike and we are enjoying one of the best years, from every standpoint, in our history. It is true that Don West and some of his associates tried to stage a strike, but the loyalty and devotion of our students to Miss Berry and the ideals of the Berry Schools stood the test and nothing came of the attempted disturbance. . . . I especially resent the letter's subtle attack upon Miss Martha Berry, founder and director of the Berry Schools. For thirty-two years she has labored unceasingly and without salary to give the mountain boys and girls of the rural South light and learning. The story of her courage, of her self-sacrifice, and of her struggles to build the great humanitarian institution which today bears her name, forms one of the brightest pages in American history.

The catalogue of the Berry Schools states that "each student is required to work two days a week in some one of the schools' industries as a regular part of the course of study. This work is considered worth to the schools approximately $35 a year in addition to the tuition paid." In view of this controversy, The New Republic is sending an independent and reliable investigator to the Berry Schools and will report his findings to its readers as soon as possible.

THE first open and avowed movement for American fascism has come a sad cropper. Art Smith, whose most recent headquarters were in Philadelphia, was for some days a fugitive from justice, and some two dozen of his followers have been put in jail. The Philadelphia police, who arrested these men, took from them a few rifles, revolvers and clubs, and say that the arrests prevented a serious attempt to begin a march on Washington with the avowed purpose of "making Roosevelt dictator." The plan was to seize the local electric-light plants, throw the city into darkness, and in the resulting confusion to break into the Third Regiment Armory and capture large quantities of military weapons and ammunition. Then, as police interpreted the plan to newspaper men, the Khaki Shirts were to parade through the poorer sections of the city shooting "known Communists" and assembling sympathizers for the march on Washington.

JUST before he escaped from the detectives, Art Smith, commander-in-chief of this precious crew, had asserted that a million men would be marching on Washington that day, from various parts of the country—a statement which seems to have no foundation whatever in fact. Such a megalomaniac bit of boasting is quite in accord with Smith's past record. His mendacious claims to military service in China and Russia put him in a class with the famous Harry Gerguson, alias Mike Romanoff. Even the name "Art" does not belong to him, but was borrowed for the evident purpose of making people think he was a stunt aviator of that name who was killed a few years ago. Smith repeatedly (and falsely) boasted that he had fallen heir to the "Bonus Expeditionary Force," that he had millions of followers—including "half the Philadelphia police force"—and that when his men had established the new fascist dictatorship, it was he who would rule America.

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IT WOULD be easy to dismiss Smith as a crackbrained adventurer, with at most a thousand or two of half-witted followers, and to say that the whole insane adventure is now at an end; but to dispose of the matter thus might be as dangerous as it is easy. Those who watched Smith closely in his Philadelphia days report that he seemed to have surprisingly large sums of money at his disposal—much larger than can be explained from the $1 or at most, $2, which he received each year from every member of his organization. In Chicago, where he lived for some time, and where his organization first broke into the limelight, the Khaki Shirts were used as strike-breaking thugs, to beat up union pickets and disperse parades of union sympathizers. It is worth while to remember that there are in Chicago men of great wealth who are desperately earnest in their desire to set up a fascist regime, on Italian lines, in the United States.

WHEN Smith moved to Philadelphia, there is reason to believe that he made similar alliances with wealthy Pennsylvanians of like views. It is known that his organization was in close touch with Italian Fascists and German Nazis, through their American organizations; Smith was the speaker at a meeting in Brooklyn a few months ago, attended by Italian Fascists, at which a twenty-two-year-old student of City College was killed. (For this crime an obviously innocent anti-Fascist, Athos Terzani, was arrested and is now awaiting trial.) It is highly probable, also, that Smith's Khaki Shirts were in alliance with the remnants of the Ku Klux Klan, whose platform closely resembled his own in many respects. It is easy to laugh at these fascist propagandists and to say that the American temper makes any serious degree of success for them impossible in this country. That is the attitude once taken by the people of Italy and Germany, who have lived to regret their mistake.

THE most recent developments in the Yakima Valley fruit strike, on which we commented in The New Republic of October 4, indicate that a full-sized Red scare is in the making in this region, already notorious for its hostility to radicalism. Seventy of the strikers who were imprisoned in the jail and stockade in Yakima on August 25 are still held, some of them, according to the American Civil Liberties Union, suffering from broken jaws and other serious injuries. The Civil Liberties Union has protested to Governor Martin of Washington and has asked H. L. Kerwin, Director of Conciliation of the United States Labor Department, to investigate the case. According to the Union's information, many of the prisoners were picketing the Condon ranch, near Selah, where wages were only fifteen cents an hour, when they were attacked and badly beaten by a mob of three hundred vigilantes; pickets at other ranches were clubbed; visitors to the prisoners have been ordered to leave town or go to jail. From Yakima itself word has reached The New Republic that the farmers opposing the strike are almost as badly off as the strikers, that almost all of them are financed by the government agencies which do not provide funds for wages higher than the fifteen or twenty cents an hour rate, that the violence with which the strike was suppressed was born of desperation as the growers saw the small returns of their crops threatened. While the first reports suggested that the conflict was solely between farmers and farm laborers, recent developments make it clear that the small farmers who are sympathetic to the strikers are experiencing the same sort of intimidation. A convention of the United Farmers' League, held near Yakima, was disbanded and fifty delegates dispersed while the two companies of the National Guard still patrolled the city. The state organizer of the League was seized by vigilantes while under arrest, severely beaten and driven out of town.

Withdraw from Europe

THE ANNOUNCEMENT by President Roosevelt that the United States, while continuing to render any possible aid to disarmament, will not take part in political discussions to be held among the European powers during the ten days' recess of the Disarmament Conference, is not only sound common sense; it is an absolutely necessary action if this country is to adhere to a policy which will keep it from plunging out of an effort to disarm into war itself. It serves as a useful corrective to the talk of a "united front" against Germany among France, Great Britain and this country—talk which can do no good in the present crisis, and which, if it means anything, means only an alignment of nations preparatory to possible future hostilities.

In Europe now there is an inescapable dilemma. There is a conflict in which it is perilous to choose sides, either practically or morally. On the one hand, the general case of Germany on armaments is irrefutable. She was disarmed by the Treaty of Versailles. By the same treaty, the victorious Allies promised to disarm themselves. They have not done so; on the contrary, all of them except Great Britain have increased their armaments materially since 1919. A peace of reconciliation requires equality of status, and consequently substantial equality of armament. If the Allies will disarm, Germany will be content; if they will not, Germany insists on the right to arm. This is not merely the position of the Hitler government, it was the position of German governments before him. Its justice has been acknowledged by leading British and American statesmen. It was formally admitted by the Allies in December, 1932. This is the one issue on which Germans of virtually every party and faction will rally about the government. There is no logical answer to it. To oppose Hitler on this issue is to solidify the German people be-

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hind the Nazis. So long as it is uppermost, Hitler an veil with it all the terrible mistakes and injustices of his regime.

There is reason in the complaint that Hitler was rash and provocative in quitting both the Disarma- Conference and the League while there was some chance of compromise, while he had not discovered what the other nations were finally willing to offer him. Nevertheless, this is the type of action to be expected of him; he gained power largely because he promised to act drastically where other governments had deliberated, postponed, compromised. And what he has done is simply to bring sharply to the fore the conflict which all the time has lurked in the background. It is perhaps well that the issue has been joined.

The position of France and Britain is that it is not safe at present to allow Germany equality of armament. Germany must not be permitted to rearm sufficiently to approach equality, at the very least until after a period of four years has proved in what direction her new rulers are taking her. And France does not dare cut her own armament down to Germany's level without "security"—that is, without binding promises that other nations will supplement her forces with their own, in case of German aggression. In the days when the German people and government were conciliatory, when there was still a chance of reasonable accommodation, this position on the part of France, however natural, was disastrous. It was the main factor in bringing about the present crisis. It helped to prevent disarmament by the Allies, and went far to discredit all peacefully inclined German governments. Now that its logical result has occurred, however, France's apprehensions have become richly justified. She has conjured up the evil spirit which she feared. Hitler certainly cannot be trusted with the materials of war. His whole policy, the entire logic of the domestic situation which he has created, leads straight toward the use of force, whether for justifiable or unjustifiable purposes. What could have been granted to the German republic cannot be granted to the Third Reich.

This is a situation in which we cannot help Europe by political advice, because there is no good advice to give. Both sides are logically right. Mistaken policies in the past have set present events in tragic grooves. History has a way of springing surprises, but in so far as reason can serve us, it makes future war seem inevitable. The more we try to bring pressure to bear in favor of one course or another, the greater the danger that we shall not facilitate peace, but shall merely become committed to one of the belligerents. The most we can say is that, if Europe by any miracle is ready to disarm, we will not block disarmament by maintaining a disproportionate military establishment of our own. But we cannot tell Europe how to disarm. We cannot judge which power is the chief obstacle, or assume a position against her. In spite of the justice of Germany's argument, we must admit the substance of French and British fears. And in spite of these fears, we cannot give France the "security" she wants—that would mean, in fact, joining an anti-German alliance.

It is high time that American policy *vis-a-vis* Europe be clarified, in view of the drift of events. The major premise of this policy, if we are hard-headed, must be that war in Europe is likely. The minor premise must be that we can do little by diplomacy to make it less likely. The necessary conclusion is that our main concern from now on must be to keep out of it. We must furnish no reason to any nation to expect our aid. We must prepare to defend, with all our ingenuity and all our resources, a truly neutral position. This will eventually involve knotty problems arising from the sale of munitions and supplies, the extension of credits wherewith such things may be bought, the imposition of possible blockades and embargoes. It is an extremely difficult job to maintain neutrality. It is difficult to avoid building up the kind of economic interest in the success of one belligerent or another which led us into the last war. These are all matters deserving the most careful consideration, if war becomes imminent. At the moment, President Roosevelt's instructions to Mr. Norman Davis furnish an excellent beginning. We can take no political responsibility, in commitments to other nations, for what is called "the organization of peace," but what in fact is likely to be a means of lining up belligerents for a calamitous conflict.

General Johnson Goes Fascist

NO MORE ominous words have come out of Washington since the present administration took office than some of those in General Hugh S. Johnson's speech to the American Federation of Labor. This speech contained a number of excellent passages, but it also contained others which, if they foreshadow a calculated program of the administration, threaten a rapid drift toward the worst feature of fascism. This feature is a labor movement fettered by the state, forbidden to strike, and subjected, on the plea that the "public" interest is dominant, to profit-making employers. General Johnson said, among other things:

> These vast organizations of industry and of labor must each be responsible to government and each must admit governmental participation and control.
>
> In the old days of exploitation you had to form aggressive units literally to fight for the life of labor. You had to be sometimes militant and always on the alert defensive. That is no longer necessary with the N.R.A.
>
> Labor needs to use no aggression in this process and you will get in these codes the maximum of what the particular economic situation permits, and no amount of militant pressure can change that result. [This quotation referred to the example of the cotton-textile code.]

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> Make no mistake about it—the very foundations of organized labor are at test here and now. . . . A minority on each side—industry and labor—is threatening the whole enterprise. A minority of miners using force and violence in defiance of the public peace is hampering the responsible leadership of the United Mine Workers and preventing its compliance with the contracts.
>
> Labor does not need to strike under the Roosevelt plan.
>
> Thus from the beginning to the end of his process [the formation and administration of codes, and the adjustment of labor disputes] you are given a complete and highly effective protection of your rights. The plain, stark truth is that you cannot tolerate the strike. Public opinion is the essential power in this country. In the end it will break down and destroy every subversive influence. If now—when the whole power of this government and its people are being given to an effort to provide and maintain to the ultimate the rights of every man who works for pay—you permit or countenance this economic sabotage, that public confidence and opinion will turn against you. . . .

Thus the country is told by General Johnson that capital and labor now have an equal status, that labor need not advance its own cause because the government is doing everything for it that can be done, that unions as well as business must be controlled by government, and that if the labor movement countenances strikes, it is in danger of destruction.

This is perilous nonsense. No anti-labor employer could ask for a better mobilization of public opinion in his behalf. If this is the sort of thing the government is going to say and do, the way is cleared for that very destruction of the labor movement with which General Johnson threatened the convention.

Is General Johnson aware that the codes are formulated by representatives of employers, without formal participation by representatives of labor or consumers except in hearings preceding their final revision? Is he aware that they are to be administered chiefly by employers' representatives? Does he remember that most of them fix only minimum wages, low minima at that? He himself suspended the provision of the cotton-textile code which specified increases to grades above the minimum.

Does General Johnson mean to tell us that such protection as the codes give to labor on paper is not being withdrawn in practice by literally thousands of violations? And that he is not pursuing a deliberate policy of refraining from prosecution of violators because he does not want the courts to pass on the constitutionality of the law?

Does General Johnson maintain that there are not important employers in many branches of industry who refuse to bargain collectively with representatives of the workers' choosing, as specified in the law? What, for instance, about the Ford workers at Edgewater who struck and with whom the Ford Company will not deal? Has the government lifted a finger to enforce the workers' rights in this case?

Does not General Johnson know that if it had not been for the determined rank-and-file strike in the "captive" mines of the steel companies—strikers whom he apparently condemns as the recalcitrant minority—these companies would not have granted a vestige of the rights he claims the government has assured labor? Does he not know that these strkers were twice on the verge of being betrayed by agreements between the government and the steel companies which did not assure the right of collective bargaining?

Does General Johnson maintain that the National Labor Board and its subsidiary local bodies can promptly adjust every dispute, and do so in complete justice to labor?

An affirmative answer to any of these questions would be contrary to the truth. And yet, sweeping condemnation of the strike, on the grounds cited in the speech, assumes at the very least that they can truthfully be answered in the affirmative.

General Johnson in effect says that every employer in the United States is now according labor its full rights or is by way of being compelled by government to do so. He implies that we now have a fair distribution of income. He says that labor can expect no more from the economic system than it is getting. The judgment of the government on these matters is final and must be accepted. If organized labor disagrees, it will be suppressed. In any event, it must accept public control. Such a speech, made while labor does not own industry, while capitalism still exists and the chief motive of those who do manage industry is still the seeking of profits, is about as good fascism as Mussolini and Hitler together could ask. Neither of them has said anything better calculated to keep labor in subjection.

Will Japan Fight Russia?

THE THREAT of war in the West has distracted attention from the threat of war in the East. As a matter of fact, it would be hard to say where the greater danger lies, along the Rhine or along the Amur. An explosion on either front might cause a sympathetic explosion on the other.

The Far Eastern danger arises out of the determination on the part of the military leaders who dominate Japan to dominate the whole of Eastern Asia. During the last two years they have made considerable progress toward fulfilling this ambition. They have seized the whole great country of Manchuria, including the Russian zone. They control the situation in northern China and have nothing to fear from the South so long as the present Nanking government remains in power. Their agents are inciting the chieftains of Inner Mongolia

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to rebellion, so that this great area of desert and grassland may soon be added to the Japanese dependency of Manchukuo. But they are doing more than this: they are building new strategic railroads. Very soon they will be able to carry troops from Japan through Manchuria to the Soviet border within three days or less—whereas to carry troops from Moscow to the same point would take at least ten. Military experts say that the Japanese hold a mortgage on the whole of Northeastern Asia and can, whenever they choose, foreclose it at the point of a gun.

But they can't foreclose it without a war. The Soviets might surrender the Chinese Eastern Railway without fighting for it: they would not surrender the great Russian port of Vladivostok or the northern half of Sakhalin Island. These are what the Japanese now want—the first for strategic reasons, the second for its petroleum and its fisheries, and both because the possession of them would transform the Sea of Japan into a Japanese lake and remove the only power that threatens Japanese expansion in the Western Pacific.

With regard to fighting Russia, there have been two schools of thought among the Japanese military leaders. The first school held that since war was inevitable in any case, why, the sooner the better. The longer Japan waited, the stronger the Soviets would become. As a matter of fact, the arguments of this school have been partly confirmed by the events of the last year, during which the Soviets have improved their position both internally and in respect of foreign relations. The second school, on the contrary, held that Japan was also growing stronger in Asia—that at least two years would be needed in which to clean the "bandits" out of Manchuria and finish the projected railway lines. Then, when they were ready, Vladivostok would fall like a ripe plum.

The second school has carried the day, and this is much better for the peace of the world, since after all a war that is delayed for two years or more may never take place—who can tell what might happen in the meantime? But very recent events in Japan, Russia and Manchuria have once more made the war danger immediate.

In Japan, negotiations for the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway have been dragging along. The Japanese don't really need the Chinese Eastern, but neither do they want the Russians to have it, since it runs through Manchurian territory and forms a direct route between Moscow and Vladivostok. The Russians offered to sell it for 200 million gold rubles. The Japanese would buy it for 50 million paper yen. Translated roughly into millions of gold dollars, the Russian demand was 100, the Japanese offer, 10. The Russians made two concessions in their price; the Japanese showed no haste to reach an agreement—they were building new railways that paralleled the Chinese Eastern, which month by month was becoming less valuable as its rails and rolling stock deteriorated.

Suddenly there came a bombshell. On October 8, the Moscow press published four diplomatic dispatches allegedly sent by or to the Japanese "Ambassador" to Manchukuo, who is the real ruler of the country. These dispatches described a plan to seize the railway without waiting for the result of the negotiations in Tokio. The Japanese government immediately asserted that the documents were forged. On this question, nobody in the United States is qualified to offer a judgment—but it is curious to note that the documents describe a course of action which, from September 10 till October 1, was being followed in every respect by the Manchurian government. The documents advised the assistant manager of the Chinese Eastern (who represents Manchukuo) to claim equal authority with the Russian manager. This he has done. The documents suggested the arrest of seven Russian railway officials. They have been arrested.

At present it seems that the tension has been somewhat relieved. The negotiations for the sale of the railway are about to continue. Yet there still exists some danger of an immediate war. It must be remembered that many Japanese army officers are in favor of seizing Vladivostok at once. A Japanese officer in the field often acts in accordance with his own ambitions, independently even of the War Office in Tokio, let alone of the Japanese public. Moreover, the thousands of White Russians in Manchuria are busily intriguing for a chance to fight against the Soviets. It is perhaps worth mentioning that many of the Japanese army officers in Manchuria are married to White Russians; the country is full of pillow politics.

All this, of course, does not concern the United States government, except in one respect. We do not want to see a war in Asia. Our interests in the Pacific do not conflict with those of Russia, but do conflict with those of Japan. Under the circumstances, it is curious that while we are shipping munitions to Japan (notably scrap iron and cotton), we have not recognized the Soviets. We might reflect that the stronger the Soviets become, the less danger there is of a war along the Amur that might involve the whole world.

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Is There Too Much Food?

IN THIS land of suppressed plenty we listen with equanimity to descriptions of uprooted fruit trees, dumped milk, plowed-under grain and breadlines. Such wastes are unpardonable, we say, but still, in these times of overproduction, few people in this country are actually starving for lack of food.

How many people are starving for actual lack of food we have no way of knowing. To the statistician such cases are of small importance compared with the vast numbers of people who are starving for lack of the right kind of food. Quantitative famine is spectacular, whereas qualitative famine is concealed. It is, however, terribly undermining to public health. In spite of the convincing and even spectacular results of diet experimentation with animals and human beings, we do not generally recognize the social importance of diet because its effects are hidden and therefore almost impossible to measure. At least we have never tried to measure them on any significant scale.

Dr. Edith Hawley estimates that 2 percent of the population of the Southern states suffer from pellagra.[1] Pellagra is an acute result of dietary deficiency. Its incidence in several hundred thousand of the population gives us some idea of the vastly wider prevalence of less acute effects of poor diets—dental caries, malformations of the skeleton such as pelvic and chest defects which lead to dangers at childbirth and to respiratory diseases, predisposition to the infectious diseases, etc. Even were the kind and extent of the illnesses of the population known (our morbidity reporting is not yet of much worth) the effects of diet deficiencies would be hidden behind the more symptomatic precipitating causes of disease and of death.

Yet we can get at diet deficiencies from another angle. As a result of their experimental work, nutritionists have set up minimum standards for proper eating. On the other hand, government agricultural experiment stations, home-economics departments, the Children's Bureau and other agencies have begun to survey the food habits of various groups of the population. When the food consumed is measured against the food that should be consumed to meet minimum health requirements —a tough statistical job—it is found that alarming percentages of the families studied do not come up to the minimum standards.

These standard-of-living studies have proved what might seem an obvious fact: that family income is the most determining factor in family diet. One would expect a definite correlation between income and diet from a knowledge of the fact that those foods which are dietetically the most valuable —lean meats, milk, fruits and vegetables—are the most expensive and also the most perishable. Though the nutritionists call these the protective foods, economists constantly refer to them as the luxury foods. An adequate income does not guarantee the purchase of an optimum diet; when carelessly spent it does not even ensure an adequate diet. But families with an adequate income are almost certain to meet the minimum standards which have been set up, for adequate income allows variety, always a safeguard, and above all it allows a generous purchase of the more expensive protective foods.

Many observers have taken it for granted that during the depression food has been plentiful and cheap. Thanks to the patience of our farmers and to constantly improving production methods, food has been plentiful, but it has been anything but cheap. Compared with the reduced incomes of most of us and of the population at large, it is very probable that food is more expensive than it was during the late twenties. In last November, for the first time since the depression began, food prices in the United States reached their pre-war level. However, although food prices have dropped a greater percentage from pre-depression levels than have other living necessities, the percentage decrease in food costs has been only *half* the percentage drop in total pay rolls paid to labor.[2]

The figure for decrease in total pay rolls includes the effects of unemployment as well as actual wage reductions and so it might not seem valid to compare it with decrease in food costs as a measure of the relative expense of food to the worker. For when the unemployed have not been fed by relatives, they have been fed in some manner by charity. Yet there are factors on the other side that must be taken into account in estimating the burden of food costs. When mere animal fuel is achieved at the cost of full-time labor, as in the case of those who work all day for "eats," or when it is procured at the cost of self-respect, as in the case of the recipients of charity, then food-getting has indeed become a terrific burden. Even during "prosperity," food cost the masses of American employed families from 40 to 60 percent of their total budgets.

It is obvious that the farmer does not benefit from food prices which are still too high to meet our dietary requirements. While the farmer's cost-of-living index has not yet fallen to pre-war levels, the prices he has been paid for his products have

[1] Economics of Food Consumption, by Edith Hawley. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company.

[2] The index for total pay rolls in 1932 was 37.5, as compared with the 100 of 1926 and the 105 of 1929. The index for retail cost of food in fifty-one cities was 154.3 for 1928 and 102.1 for 1932, as compared with the 1913 base of 100. (United States Bureau of Labor Statistics.)

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been only a little better than half of pre-war prices.[3] The farmer has been paying exactly twice as much, relative to his income, as he paid in pre-war days. The only logical conclusion from these figures is that the spread in price between what the farmer gets and what the consumer pays has been widened in the last two decades.

Studies of specific commodities have analyzed that spread. Some of these are summarized in Dr. Edith Hawley's excellent book on food consumption in the United States. The spread is naturally greater for foods which must be processed than for those which reach the consumer in relatively unchanged form. In the case of bread, the wheat grower receives 16 percent for his share, storage and transportation to the mill take 2 percent, the miller gets 8 percent for removing the most valuable parts of the grain—the bran and the germ—and for transporting the rest to the baker who takes sixty-two cents of the consumer's dollar for baking and passing the product on to the retailer, who receives 12 percent.

Increased spread between prices paid the farmer and prices paid by the consumer is partly accounted for by the new processing, packaging and other "services" performed by food distributors and manufacturers. No small part of the added spread has gone into advertising. Further than these factors, tendencies toward centralization in the food industry in the face of the unorganized position of consumers and of original producers have penalized the farmer and the general public.

It is well known that retail commodity prices, including food, advance more rapidly than wages and fall more slowly, so that in times of price fluctuation wage earners and their families suffer from unfair lags in purchasing power. But during the last decade when wages were supposedly as high as prices, it was assumed that the American workman enjoyed a much better living standard than that of the European worker. As regards food Dr. Hawley shows that this was not true. After a careful comparison of pre-depression food habits in the United States and countries of western Europe, Dr. Hawley concludes that "taken as a whole the diet of the working man in the United States is not very different from those in other countries," a conclusion which "comes rather as a shock when one considers our much valued prosperity which is thought to extend to all classes."

From export-import figures, marketing statistics and 31,979 reports from housewives, Dr. Hawley estimates that the "average" American adult consumes each day a third of a pound of meat, half a pound of flour (including bread), one and a third medium-sized potatoes, six tablespoons of sugar and less than a pint of milk. His potential egg consumption will average five a week. He eats only half a pound of cheese in a month.

When it is remembered that nutritionists recommend a quart of milk a day at least for children, it is seen that milk available for consumption in the United States falls far below an optimum standard. However, when the food figures are reduced to nutritive elements and these compared with the minimum standards for fuel value, protein, calcium, phosphorus and iron, it is found that for pre-depression years "average" available consumption at least pretty well met these standards, iron being the only factor dangerously close to the borderline of deficiency. It must be remembered that these are minimum standards only.

To assure adequate inclusion of vitamins in the diet, for which quantitative standards have not yet been set up, it is recommended by many nutritionists that at least 18 to 20 percent of the total food calories (fuel units) be derived from fruits and vegetables. In the American diet Dr. Hawley's figures show that only about 11 percent of the available calories come from these protective foods. This fact, together with low milk consumption, indicates that "the possibility of vitamin deficiency is certainly grave."

Dr. Hawley's figures come from three groups of the population and are weighted according to the representation of these groups in the total population as reported by the 1920 census—40 percent for working men's families, 26 percent for farming families and 16 percent for business and professional people. With groups of such different incomes and habits of life there must be wide variations in food habits. Accordingly, when the figures for the three groups are compared, it is found that the general average was misleading and that although "average diets of the farm family and of the professional and business man are more than adequate in the five food constituents—that of the working man's family is deficient in every respect except protein."

When even the average figures for a food-consumption study fall below the minimum standard for health (as was the case for the total working-class group) this means that a great number of families suffer even greater deficiencies than those indicated by the general score. If half the families in a given study use 20 percent more food than they need and half use 20 percent less than they need, average consumption for the whole group will be shown as adequate although the excess food used by the one half has been of no benefit in making up the deficiencies of the other half.

The important thing is to know the real distribution of consumption habits at every level between the extremes of poverty and wealth. The quantitative demand for food in general is relatively fixed. The qualitative demand for the various foods that make up our diet will vary tremendously according to purchasing power. Certain studies which have taken account of distribution around the average have shown the percentage of diets inadequate in

[3] Taking from 1910 to 1924 as the base of 100, farm prices for all groups of farm commodities in December, 1932, reached the index of 52.

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the five food elements for which we now have minimum standards. For 500 working men's families and 137 farm families Dr. Hawley gives the following:

	Percentage of families whose diets do not meet minimum standards of adequacy:				
	Energy	Protein	Calcium	Phosphorus	Iron
Working men....	53	10	48	44	42
Farm	34	34	10	38	72

Almost half of the working men's families in the above survey do not meet their minimum requirements for energy value or any of the three minerals. Although Dr. Hawley found that farm diet is on the whole more adequate than urban, the above study shows 72 percent of the farm families failing to meet a minimum standard of iron, and other wide deficiencies in the farm group. In the face of figures like these and many others representing groups in many localities, it is somewhat misleading to make the generalization that "American diet is, on the average, more than adequate to meet the needs of the people."

When it is considered how far American consumption falls below even the minimum standards for the protective foods, for fruits and vegetables and especially milk, one cannot even say that we are now *producing,* much less distributing, an amount of these foods anywhere near the quantities in which we should substitute them for less valuable foods like cereals, sugar, lard, etc. Instead of uprooting thousands of fruit trees in California we should be planting thousands more.

How we might go about solving our overproduction with optimum consumption in mind is a problem in economic planning which cannot even be approached here. From the point of view of public health we should be translating our surplus cotton and wheat lands into orchards and truck-fields and into pasture and feed-fields for meat and milk animals. We must do this if we expect to meet the real needs of a population suffering from grave lack of food minerals, vitamins and good-quality proteins.

EMILY WHITE STEVENS.

Travels in Russia's Countryside: I

The following is the first of two articles, based upon a diary kept by a visitor to several agricultural regions of European Russia in the autumn of 1932. It is presented by The New Republic, despite the lapse of time, because of its intrinsic interest and particularly the vivid picture it gives of Russian agriculture in a time of crisis. The author was one of the last foreign observers to travel through the lower Volga and the Caucasus before the agrarian troubles of last winter and the severe food shortage of last spring. Since then a rich harvest and improvements in organization have greatly ameliorated the situation. For a description of very recent Russian agricultural conditions, we refer our readers to "Good News from Russia," by Maxwell S. Stewart, in The New Republic of October 11.—THE EDITORS.

September 1, 1932.

SMOOTH flying, and I slept in the seat, only to be wakened by a forced landing (using wing flares) at Danzig, 2:30 A. M., because Königsberg was under fog. Cognac, ham and black bread helped and then, with the dawn, we set off across a sea of mist along the wooded shore line to Königsberg—thence through Lithuania and Latvia, across villages of strip cultivation like little islands in the forest. Suddenly, looking down, I spotted what I thought was a kolhoz. It was, and we had already crossed the border into Soviet Russia.

It was easy to distinguish where collectivization had already replaced the scattered strips with three or four village fields, in some of which tractors were working as we flew by. We landed at W—— and were fed boiled eggs, bread, butter and tea. Soviet soldiers looked at us seriously. There was no aerodrome, only a few large barrels of gasoline in an open field, and we stepped in again for Moscow, weary, troubled inside and wondering whether it was possible to hold out till four in the afternoon.

There was a fascination in comparing one isolated village with another. Some obviously collectivized 100 percent; some already mechanized, the long circuit of the tractor furrow on the newly ploughed fields telling the tale; some with new buildings, headquarters of the kolhoz; some without any sign of collectivization at all. In many the harvest was still out; in some cut; in some already cleared. Winter plowing mostly done, and sowing of winter crops under way. Suddenly into an area of ever-new buildings and in the distance Moscow.

There was an hour in which to walk round the Red Square after being met by Dr. S——, representative of the Lenin Academy. The city is being cleaned up, planted with trees and open grass spaces. What a city! Kremlin, memories of Ivan the Terrible, the simple tomb of Lenin, watchful eyes, peering faces, suffering, some laughter, crowds of workers, workers everywhere. We were entertained that night by three members of the Academy. We laughed over C——'s visit to England to buy livestock cheap. He bought a bull from King George and two cows. On arrival, the two cows were found to be diseased, and the bull couldn't work.

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September 3.

After one last visit to the most significant and perhaps most beautiful square in the world we piled into a taxi at 10 A. M. for the station with Mr. S——, a German agricultural engineer. We found reserved for us the first-class compartment of an old *Wagon-Lit*. There was no restaurant car, so for two days we fed on wurst and tea, tea and wurst, and in the evening, a few tomatoes. M—— came down to see us off and introduced me to a Red professor who was traveling in the same train. We had much talk with him since he knew English well, and I would ask him to interpret for us with different people traveling in the same coach.

One of them happened to be Professor X——, chief of the Research Department for the whole Soviet Union in one field, with headquarters in the South. I asked him what he thought of the situation and the system. He was an old man of over seventy. "For myself," he said, "I would much rather work under the present than the old regime. The material facilities are not so different now for me from what they were then, but the end and aim of my work today is the only true end and aim for all scientific work, the service of society as a whole, and this feeling gives an extra stimulus to all my workers and to me also, which was not present in the old days. How else can we avoid that differentiation that exists in other countries between pure and applied science? With you, applied science almost invariably means the application of science and research to the earning of greater profits for some individual or group at the expense of the rest. I am in no way prevented from carrying on what you would call pure scientific research, but in the present condition of our country our general aim as scientific workers must be to improve the standard of living of the whole of society from the bottom up."

I asked how they planned to keep close coördination among research, education and life, whether in the fields of industry, agriculture, commerce or government.

"Only," he answered, "by keeping our schools and colleges so closely in touch with the research that is being carried on and with the life situation that from the earliest possible age young men and women can take their own share in work along with their school training and as far as possible be associated with those who are carrying on research in every workshop, laboratory, factory and farm."

"How," I asked, "can you avoid all the difficulties that have beset bureaucracy in the past, loss of initiative, refusal to accept responsibility?"

"This," he answered, "is a constant danger, but we are deeply convinced that merit must not be restrained, but be recognized and pushed forward."

Professor X—— added later that the most serious difficulty of the party leaders today was the tendency to form cliques in every field and then to exert favoritism in the clique's interest. "There is," he said, "a constant struggle between the theoretical Communists and the men who combine practical experience with vision. The former tend always to wish to carry out their theories in the teeth of the facts, but slowly the facts are being recognized and the more practical men who are ready to face them are coming to the front."

Professor X—— told us that during the distribution of tractors in early days to the collective farms, a tractor arrived at a kolhoz belonging to the Kalmucks, who had never seen one before. They wanted to experiment with it, but there were no instructions. They had heard that it went by horsepower, so having only camels, they hitched up six of them to the tractor. Finding it difficult to move, they added two and then four, and finally had fourteen camels tied to the machine. With much shouting they succeeded in pulling the tractor across the field and in smashing it to pieces.

Our general impression by the time we left was that the Russians are gradually becoming accustomed to machines and, though by nature peasants, they are learning to handle and repair them, at what cost in broken machinery a visit to some of the sovhozi, or state farms, illustrated vividly. This, however, was not, Professor X—— said, so serious a problem as the tendency of the kolhoz at critical moments to sit tight and wait for orders from Moscow. He told us the following:

"I was out visiting a kolhoz; the wheat was standing in the fields, ready to harvest; I asked the chairman and workers why they were doing nothing. They said that they had no machines, so what could they do. I saw many men sitting in the street of the village selling tomatoes. I said, 'What profit are you getting?' When they told me, I made them the following offer. 'Supposing you were to get one *pood* of grain for every fifteen *poods* you are able to harvest by hand, would you be prepared to leave your tomatoes?' 'Yes,' they said, and in a few days they had the harvest cleared and delivered to the kolhoz. I visited the chairman. 'Yes,' he said, 'the harvest is in, but without an order from Moscow.' 'All right,' I said, 'send a man to Moscow and tell them that if they wish they can put me in jail.' They dispatched a messenger and I have heard nothing more."

One gets the impression of comparatively rapid adjustment in the social and industrial fields when the evidence of the facts is heavily against the extreme application of some new theory. "The trouble," said Y—— later, "is, of course, that in the field of agriculture it is often too late to adjust when the harm has been done by excessive application of theory from Moscow."

September 4.

At the station at Rostov the following six points of Stalin were written up in big letters under his picture. They may be well known but are worth quoting as of September 4, 1932:

1. It is the duty of everyone to master mechanics.
2. Contracts between individuals and between fac-

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tories and individuals must be liquidated; contracts must now be between kolhoz and factory.

3. All labor must be organized.

4. Create a working-class intelligentsia.

5. All industry must have its own technical schools organized.

6. All industry must be on a paying basis.

Late Sunday night we arrived at the German concession, Drusag. This farm consists of approximately 15,000 acres. For three years more it will be a German concession, managed and financed by German personnel. In 1936 it will be handed over to the Russian government.[1] It lies on the edge of the Kuban River, which rises in the North Caucasus, flows north into the black-soil region and then falls into the Black Sea. Rainfall is more regular here than on the higher steppe to the east; but in the spring there is the danger of a hot wind coming before the roots of the wheat are established; as the grain is ripening, the arrival of a hot wind shrivels it. This has happened through most of the black-soil region this year, and consequently the wheat is badly damaged for seed and milling purposes.

Rain coming at harvest time may convert the fallow into a crop of solid weeds three to five feet high. This has happened this year at Drusag, on 1,700 acres of fallow, so that it is a real problem to plough in the weeds before they seed. Over most of South Russia, especially the area we visited later, the weeds were seeding everywhere.

September 7.

On our arrival at Kavkaskaya we met twelve German peasants from Siberia. "Till 1931 we had plenty of stock," one of them said. "This was taken, so we are wandering, and build houses for Russian kolhozi; with only bread to eat, we are too hungry to work much. Will you tell my brother in Canada we are alive but expect to die this winter. I do not mind this for myself, but for the children."

September 9.

Yesterday the German engineer, Y——, and I set off at 1:15 A. M. in a Ford car, across the farm and down to the Kuban where the antique ferry still creaks back and forth, impelled by the force of the current in both directions. Through Kavkaskaya, up the bluff beyond, to where we could see for miles in all directions over the rolling steppe. On each side of us were the mound tombs of ancient Scythian chieftains and all around us a variety of hawks, harriers and buzzards were scouring the fields for mice. We were told that even the mice were flocking to the German concession because food was so scarce everywhere else. The road was simply steppe, uncultivated, lying between the two fields on either hand. Sometimes we would travel five and six miles without seeing a human being or a house and then suddenly the upland plain would drop gently into a well watered valley and there would be the village of wooden houses, with church and market place and always the kolhoz, where the granaries of wood, which before collectivization only the wealthy farmer, or kulak, could afford, were all now parked in a row to house the communal grain crop.

At about 6 P. M. we reached the borders of the Krupp Concession. This farm of 40,000 hectares, or 100,000 acres, was taken over three years ago by the Krupp firm. Owing to the firm's refusal to accept the last German manager's salary in rubles, the manager had left three weeks before our arrival and the whole concession is now a sovhoz. Of the 100,000 acres, three-quarters are steppe, or grazing land, twelve thousand are lake, or what in India would be called *bhil,* and twelve thousand are arable. There is a staff of twenty-four which manages the farm and four hundred workers year in, year out. In the summer 2,000 laborers come in.

In one field, we found threshing going on and a shock brigade of Young Communists from the local town working in competition with a group of regular field workers. The latter seemed to be taking things rather easily. The youngsters were apparently enjoying themselves, were working hard, camping out on the spot and were being fed very well by the manager. They seemed to be an attractive and intelligent bunch.

For the first time in three years the farm was a success, owing to the rains. "Each year," said the manager, "we have plowed and cultivated, sown and manured, and each year no rain has fallen and no crops have come up, but this year all the crops have succeeded and we shall have enough food for three years' reserve. Now that I have my rotation settled I receive little or no interference from Moscow. My chief anxiety is whether I can succeed in holding up the standard set by my German predecessor. He should never have left so soon. I am very anxious to carry through with success our breeding experiment with Merino sheep, but my trouble is that I am already receiving requests from the center to take up bigger jobs elsewhere."

The air on this high steppe is like wine and the scents innumerable, as many of the natural plants are of the aromatic species. By eight o'clock of the following morning we had already covered another hundred kilometers of the farm. What a morning! The air was full of birds—wild ducks and redshanks, snipe and sandpipers flew up whenever we passed one of the small lakes. There were no trees anywhere. The swallows were gathering for their flight south, the herons were slow-marching through the mud of the shallows. In the early morning sun patches of autumn flowers glistened blue and purple, where, we were told, carpets of bulbs and lilies spread themselves in the spring.

The whole farm had an air of efficiency and competence that augurs well for the country, if the Russian successor is able to preserve the standards

[1] Because of the recent developments between Russia and Germany, this farm has been bought by Russia without waiting for 1936.

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of his German predecessor, and if, as apparently easily happens, the authorities, just when the manager is mastering local conditions and local needs of stock, soil and crops, do not pull him out all of a sudden and transfer him somewhere else.

A very different sight met us as we approached Gigant in the early afternoon. We were back on the lower steppe, which has a higher rainfall, and from far away we could see the skyscraper town and the elevators that were to serve the biggest farm unit in all history. We noticed no great improvement in the crops as we approached, and owing to the fact that the harvest workers were mostly away and the tractors still out on the farm, the whole place had a rather derelict look. We saw the huge Workers' Club, the high-storied boarding houses and the workshops, but the secretary had to find someone to answer questions for us and there seemed to have been a new manager every year for the last three years. The present director, they said, was a workman and he had a staff of four specialists: an agronome, an economist, a technical man and a merchant. Each substation has a workman in charge and two specialists, an agronome and an economist. They have 250 tractors, 80 small and 170 large, but they have had no new ones for three years.

They prefer the Caterpillar from the United States, made in California. Their chief trouble with the Russian-made tractors is with the pistons. This year they said there were so many weeds that the combine harvesters would not function, and so they summoned workers with their horses from all the surrounding kolhozi and harvested 25 percent in this way. They had some 200 combines and 14 stations. This year the harvest is bad—some of it looks well enough, but much of the grain is shriveled. They work an eight-hour day and a six-day week, but have not been able to draw extra hands from town or country and so their people have had to work overtime. The harvesting of 75,000 acres of winter and 118,000 acres of summer wheat must have been no light task.

We heard later that from attempting to farm the whole 370,000 acres of Gigant as one unit on an industrial basis, solely for the production of wheat, force of circumstances and natural conditions had compelled them progressively to break down the large unit, until Gigant today is composed of forty units of about 9,000 acres apiece. Today, too, it grows fodder crops as well as wheat, and although for a time the new livestock units were kept under separate management from the cropping, there is every prospect of unified control coming.

Y——, who was out in 1929 advising the government, complains bitterly that none of his advice was taken and that all the evils he foresaw have come to pass. He feels that eventually the 9,000-acre unit will have to be broken up further and that even the village kolhoz will have to replan its life around the need of the soil for a balanced general-farming program, which must include fodder crops and the keeping of livestock near enough to the home to receive individual attention and near enough to the crops if they are to reap the benefit of barnyard manure, which cannot be carted over long hauls without piling up overhead costs.

"On the big units we cannot get men to take care of the machinery as if it were their own," said the engineer at the engineering research center today.

Whether the final solution will be the independent family farm, or supervised group farming, where responsibility for crops and stock is left to the family or group but where all selling and purchasing is regionally controlled, remains to be seen. The day of factory farming with its complete centralization of every responsibility seems to be over. Buying and marketing may still be handled economically from one center, but as soon as fodder crops are introduced in the place of an annual grain crop, there must be stock on the spot to eat the fodder and men on the spot to care for the stock who will not hesitate to shoulder responsibility and to exercise initiative.

September 13.

Passing a village not far from Kasbek we were told the following: "Up till 1928 every peasant in this village had not less than 1,000 sheep. Today no one has more than ten to twenty. In the whole village there used to be 40,000 sheep, now there are not more than 2,000. The government took away the sheep and it will take us ten years to recover. The pasture is still there waiting to be eaten. In the state sheep farm there are too many sheep, and besides having heavy losses from disease, none of the sheep is in good condition. Today one *pood* of wool costs 200 rubles; it used to cost 3 rubles."

The textile factory at Saratov, which last year was employing some hundreds of workers, has no wool this year and is closed.

September 16.

In general, X—— says that this summer people talk much more freely than ever before about the system, the government and the situation; that on the whole this is a healthy sign and that the members of the party find themselves having to do more reasoning and persuading and are less easily able to get away with straight propaganda. The amount of self-criticism published in the Russian, German and English press is one of the most astounding things in Russia today. Most of this relates directly to such fields as industry, since the shortcomings of the system are more easily apparent there, and the people are beginning to learn how to put their fingers on the failures and weaknesses. But this seems much less true of the shortcomings of rural Russia.

In The Moscow Daily News today was the following comment: "Program of this state farm incomplete," and then the sarcastic comment of the editor, "for the usual reason—circumstances be-

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yond our control." It is still hard for the city worker to understand how and why and when the statement of the manager of a state farm can easily be true and correct.

My impression is that there are two factors which have played a leading part in bringing the rural situation in Russia to its present stage. In disposing of the kulak in the early days of collectivization it seemed as though the wealthy peasant was the chief obstacle to the progress of village socialism. It is doubtful, however, whether the middle peasant and even the lowest-grade peasant of all were not in their heart of hearts kulaks. It has been said that "the kulak is always the next man," which implies that kulakism represents the intensely individualistic attitude of the little peasant farmer the world over; that when the obvious kulak has been removed there is always another man with the kulak frame of mind ready to take his place from below. The struggle, therefore, to break down an attitude of mind and to replace it with an altogether different outlook has involved every class of rural society in Russia today.

It is easy for an onlooker to suggest that an extension of the coöperative movement in buying and selling and finally in banking might have broken down the individualism of the peasant without bringing into jeopardy the food supply of the country. The answer, I imagine, would be that such a procedure would not have done away with the strip system which must have dominated Russian agriculture from the first days of soil cultivation.

The second factor may have been the bitterness that arose as between city and country during the years immediately after the revolution when the cities had to go very hungry and when the peasant, having shared out the big estates, seemed to the city at least to have been living on the fat of the land.

L. K. E.

"For the Duration of the Crop"

FOR THE duration of the crop." That's what they arrest you for in California. They do not call it that. On the police blotters the crimes are listed as "vagrancy," "disturbing the peace," "resisting an officer," "use of obscene language." But in every agricultural strike of the past year (and there have been strikes in practically every fruit and vegetable raised in California), strike leaders, picket leaders and the more active workers have been jailed for the duration of the crop.

In Watsonville, "the Apple City," there was a lettuce and pea pickers' strike. Mexican, Filipino, Slav and American workers were being paid fifteen to twenty cents an hour for a ten-hour day, during the season. Out of season they had no work, lived on relief, or starved. So a small, bright, capable Filipino, a tall, soft-voiced, blue-eyed Slovene, some Spaniards and Americans, got up on crates and told the workers they should strike. What had they to lose? They sleep in tumbledown shacks, the whole family in one room, or even under burlap sacks if the shacks have fallen into ruin; their children get no treatment at clinics, and often no schooling—they have no shoes to walk over the hot, stony roads to the nearest public school. The Filipinos—bright, serious, industrious, alert, clean, hard little men—work this season to pay off last winter's board bill to the contractors, who charge sixty to seventy-five cents a day for their board. And if the Filipinos go out with a white girl, or even dance with one, they can be framed on any morality charge an irate contractor or employer—temporary guardians of white morals—cares to place against them. But white girls like to go out with Filipinos because, as one told me, "they are clean, they treat you right and they buy a girl something once in a while."

Five hundred went out on strike in the lettuce fields. A few days after the strike began, a meeting was held in the Workers' Center, in Watsonville, to vote on calling off the strike. The meeting place was raided, the windows smashed, the furniture broken up, the rugs ripped to pieces. Among the raiders were recognized the manager of a local movie theatre, the manager of the local chain store and a number of substantial Watsonville citizens. American Legion pins were identified, but no prosecution of the raiders took place.

Fourteen workers were arrested on charges of vagrancy. Police testified that they had been seen walking about the streets, that they "had no work." "But sometimes they did work?" Police could not tell. "Other men walk the streets in Watsonville?" "Oh, yes." "Then why arrest just these men?" "Oh, well, you can tell when a man is up to no good."

The trials in the hot little Watsonville courtroom went on for days. They were crowded with agricultural workers, American Legionnaires, prospective jurymen. One panel of jurors was exhausted; then another. Finally the jury was selected; practically all non-union men, non-workers, non-sympathizers with union policy—except a seventy-year-old cowboy in leather boots, brown-leather jacket and red kerchief tied into a silver necktie ring embossed with a moose's head. "Profession?" he was asked. *"Vaquero,"* he answered proudly.

All the stories were the same; the men stood on lettuce crates and "agitated" the other workers to

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join the strike. It is legal to strike, it is legal to picket; but the men are accused of "illegally and unlawfully trespassing on property with no definite legal business." The jury stayed out eight minutes. The strike leaders were convicted of vagrancy and sentenced to six months in jail.

A few weeks later I ran into the *vaquero*.

"I no understan'," he said. "I say in that room, I say 'no guilty.' I say: 'No guilty. Those men no guilty.' Then we go back and those men say 'Guilty.' But I say: 'No guilty. Those men no guilty.'"

On appeal all cases were dismissed by the Santa Cruz County Court. The crop had been gathered.

In the center of the fertile Santa Clara Valley, growing 90 percent of the prune crop of the country, the most beautiful valley in the state at prune-blossom time, lies the old California capital, San Jose. It is the center of prune, apricot, peach, pear and cherry orchards—a hot, sunny, colorful city. In San Jose there was a cherry strike. June and July are cherry-season months around San Jose and Sunnyvale. The men were getting seventeen and a half to twenty cents an hour for a ten-hour day on some ranches, but they had to pick fourteen buckets a day or be fired. They live on employers' ranches, in shacks, tents, or under burlap sacks.

A strike was decided upon and the workers were called off the ranches. Pat Callahan, one of the leaders, was asked to hand the men's demands to a foreman on one of the ranches. The foreman, standing on ranch property, stretched out his hand for the written demands, but not quite far enough —Callahan had to advance a few steps. As he did so, stepping on ranch property, a whistle blew. "Now we can get you, you son-of-a-bitch," yelled the foreman and a mob of police and deputy sheriffs dropped out of trees and with pick handles and clubs fell upon Callahan and the strikers, who, with a number of workers, had come along in support of their leader. Callahan was dealt a terrific blow which knocked him down. He got up, swaying dizzily, and as he tried to stand straight and get his bearings, handcuffs were snapped on his wrists and another blow broke his jaw. He was kept in the San Jose jail three days before he could get medical attention.

Thirty-four men were arrested, in Sunnyvale, in Mountain View, or on an empty lot where the workers gathered at evening. Bail was set at $500 cash or $1,000 property for each case, which really means $2,000, because two people must go on each bond. The following day San Francisco and other California papers, under the headlines, "Cherry Riot," "Officers and Agitators Clash in Riot," ran the following stories:

> Eight men, five of them officers, were injured and two were arrested in a desperate hand-to-hand battle between the five officials and a gang of a hundred asserted radicals when rioting broke out in the cherry pickers' labor trouble. . . .
>
> Patrick Callahan and Mike Marvos, both admitted radicals . . . were badly injured, suffering severe head cuts and facial bruises as the five officers fought to defend their lives.
>
> The five officers ran in front of the intruders, ordering them to leave. Instead of complying, the radicals pulled knives and chunks of concrete from under their clothing and rushed the officers, who were struck by the intruders' weapons and knocked down. Regaining their feet, the officers fought back bravely, routing the party which greatly outnumbered them.
>
> Marvos and Callahan were clubbed by the officers and were injured. . . .
>
> Wholesale arrests were expected, and scores of deputy sheriffs, highway patrolmen, deputy constables and police from northern Santa Clara Valley towns were being rushed to the district to preserve order.

At the hearing some five weeks later in the Santa Clara county hall, where thirteen of the men were tried together, deputy sheriffs, traffic officers and police testified that the constables were unarmed, that there was no clubbing, that not more than four or five constables were present at "the trouble," and that none of them knew why they had been ordered to that spot. They had been told there was a traffic jam, that was all.

"No employers called for the police?" the constables were asked. "No." "You did not know there was a strike?" "No." "You had no arms?" "No." Workers and passersby testified that no workers were armed, that there were neither knives, clubs, nor hunks of concrete in their hands. The Cannery and Agricultural Workers' Industrial Union, which had called the strike, expressly warns workers against using violence or carrying arms and the district organizer in this case had made an especial point of reminding the men of this rule before they went out on the picket line. Officers testified that Callahan's jaw was broken when a worker threw a chunk of concrete at Inspector Walsh but hit Pat Callahan by mistake. Glowering in a corner stood Inspector Walsh, who had been to the San Jose jail every day, and every day had told several of the men, "I'll get you yet, you son-of-a-bitch." Ernest Tucker, tall, blonde, eighteen-year-old cherry-picker, was asked to plead guilty every day, in the jail or in the courtroom. He would get a suspended sentence, he would go free, "Ah, c'mon, you're a reg'lar guy, plead guilty!" Tucker stood firm, got his jury trial and the case was dismissed.

A Mexican priest visited the jail and persuaded several Mexican workers, who were separated from the rest, to plead guilty of disturbing the peace. They received six months' suspended sentence. All the other cases, twenty-five in all, were either dismissed in separate trials, or were acquitted after a brief deliberation by the jury. Two strikers are still being held on graver charges of "resisting an officer" and may be sentenced to from one to five years in San Quentin. Bob Nelson, seventeen, "young and dangerous radical" according to a local paper, but actually the shy little son of strict

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Seventh Day Adventist parents, was beaten up in the jail by the jailer because he talked to some women who asked him about the strike while he was being fingerprinted.

Meanwhile the cherry season had ended.

ELLA WINTER.

Washington Notes

The Public Works Program—Doubts and Dissensions in the Inner Circle—The Inflationists—Wanted: a Code for Code-Makers

THE SLOWNESS with which contracts under the $3,300 million public-works appropriation of Congress have been given out is one of the chief sources of trouble here in Washington at the moment. Mr. Harold Ickes, under whose direction this enormous sum is to be expended, naturally has come in for considerable criticism. Mr. Ickes, however, is no supine and defenseless creature, unable to protect himself. He has promptly and vigorously denied the red-tape allegations and repudiated the suggestion that, so far as he was concerned, everything possible to expedite the spending of the money was not being done. He has pointed out two excellent reasons which have rendered it difficult to put the public-works program into full operation. One is the delay of the cities and states in making definite recommendations of a practicable nature, even when the federal requirements were made as lenient as possible. The other is the necessity of blocking the incipient combinations of contractors, whose aim is to make indecently large profits from the government contracts. If this great sum entrusted to Ickes' discretion is to be spent without wholesale waste and graft, the director has to be eternally and militantly on guard. Nevertheless, it seems unfortunate that the President cannot find some way to crush the obstacles in Mr. Ickes' path and enable him to make greater progress. So much hinges upon the effective and expeditious expenditure of this $3,300 million that the full weight of the White House should be put behind it. If it is to be late in getting under way and the money is to be spread out over too long a period, the appropriation might better not have been made.

In addition to the two reasons for delay in this business, there is, I believe, a third that is even more dangerous in the long run. In plain words—this is the dissension, in the inner Roosevelt circle itself, upon matters of basic policy. That there is such dissension and that it is acute, is too obvious to deny. Perhaps one should not expect, or even want, all the close advisers of a President to be of one mind. However, on matters of basic policy in a national conference, accord among the White House counselors is one of the things the ordinary man would consider essential.

It cannot be denied that Mr. Roosevelt has no such accord at present. For instance, it is a well known fact that Secretary of the Treasury Woodin and Budget Director Douglas have not been and are not in sympathy with the public-works program. Moreover, they have both rather freely expressed their disapproval—not publicly, of course, as that would amount to direct criticism of the President and necessitate immediate resignation—but upon many occasions in private conversation. Such is known to be their attitude. Both are extremely orthodox in their financial views. Each is violently opposed to any form of inflation. Both are insistent upon economy as the one way to restore national solvency and create confidence in business circles.

Though Woodin's and Douglas' disapproval is widely known, there is no suggestion, so far as I have heard, that either will retire in the near future. On the contrary, there is extremely good ground for asserting that, while both of them would be glad to get out, Mr. Roosevelt has more than once recently expressed his wish that they remain. He has a high personal regard for both Woodin and Douglas. He believes each has done fine work. He has no one in mind who he thinks would better fill their respective positions and he is anxious, so long as possible, to have no vacancy either in his Cabinet or in the new group of officials created by the program. Here in Washington the word is being generally spread that Mr. Douglas and Mr. Woodin not only disbelieve in the public-works program, but are, to say the least, lukewarm in their advocacy of both the National Recovery and the Agricultural Adjustment Acts. Naturally, they must give a perfunctory public support, which they do. Privately, they do not believe in 50 percent of what is being done and do not hesitate to say so, though they have made it clear to the President exactly what they think and how they stand. In a measure he sympathizes with them. In some respects he shares their views and feelings. He is not, I think it entirely accurate to say, himself 100-percent persuaded of the soundness of all features of the New Deal program.

Some parts of the program seem to him to be bogging down. Others he has proclaimed as experimental. Instead of getting mad with Woodin and Douglas, I am reliably informed he said he thought there was considerable in what they said, but that the experiments clearly had to be made and the only way to make them was to go the whole hog. At any rate, any suggestion of retirement was brushed aside. Poor little Mr. Woodin, I can state without fear of contradiction, has wanted to get out and go home for some months, but the President will not let him.

The same thing also applies to Mr. Douglas. The President's tolerance of Douglas, is not, however, shared by other members of the "inner circle," and many who are wholeheartedly enthusiastic for the program have been considerably irritated by the attitude of both men. Of course, the administration advisers who favor inflation are particularly bitter toward Mr. Woodin and Mr. Douglas. It will not be long after the session of Congress opens until the attack on them begins. However, at the present moment the inflationists generally are rather low in their minds. The anti-inflation resolutions of the American Legion and the American Federation of Labor were extremely discouraging. Certainly they lessen the pressure on the President and make any voluntary inflationary step on his part less likely. At the moment, the inflation forces seem rather on the run.

One thing which is urgently needed in Washington is shorter hours for government officials. Ever since the New

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Deal began to function, the men charged with its operations have been driving themselves mercilessly. They have worked, most of them, anywhere from twelve to eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, in a sincere belief that patriotic devotion to the job required effort on this scale. Now, however, the wisdom of this policy is beginning to be questioned, and I think with good reason. Everybody now admits that the National Recovery Administration has gone ahead too fast. Not only has it got out of line with the equally important efforts of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration but, as The New Republic has pointed out, it has made a lot of serious mistakes which will have to be rectified at the cost of doing much of the work over again. Some observers have been puzzled to see how good progressives working in the N.R.A. have made concessions to the industrialists—concessions which they seemingly didn't need to make, concessions which have partly nullified other victories won by these same men at the cost of a lot of their hearts' blood. One big trouble of course has been that the fight is usually between one poor, unhappy administrator and a big group of powerful, wealthy business men, accustomed to getting their own way, knowing their industry inside and out, aided by batteries of hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year lawyers, and fighting doggedly and passionately for their pocketbooks. Nothing else matters to them.

An old trick of the police, when giving a victim the third degree, is for half a dozen detectives to take turns questioning a man, without giving him food, water or rest, for eighteen hours a day, until he breaks down physically and mentally. The employers in Washington have done something like this, except as to the food and water, with the administrators in the code hearings. If these administrators had anything solid under their feet, if there were genuine "power groups" of labor or consumers behind them, the story might be very different. But in nine cases out of ten, they haven't. The administrator is hammered and hammered, until, like a steel spring which is subject to constant long pressure, he loses his elasticity, he lets things be slipped over on him, he agrees at three o'clock in the morning to proposals which very likely fill him with horror when he wakes up at seven for another exhausting day.

All this probably explains some otherwise inexplicable happenings here lately, and notably that queer muddle in which Donald Richberg, General Johnson and President Roosevelt participated, regarding the captive coal mines of the steel companies. The steel men, high-powered, high-priced, merciless and unscrupulous, came within a hair's breadth of slipping over a "code" which was not a code, which violated the whole spirit of the N.R.A., and would almost certainly have precipitated one of the bloodiest mine wars in our history. The explanation is, of course, that Donald Richberg and General Johnson were just trying to do more than any human being could do, got into misunderstandings, and the misunderstandings nearly got into the law. An N.R.A. administrator is like somebody walking the tightrope with a lot of hungry tigers keeping pace with him on the ground. One slip, and he's done for.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Gambler's Child—Polishing Up the Gold Bricks—Dillon, Read and Company Carry On—Wolf-Proof Stockades

IF THERE is one lesson the American people ought to have learned by now it is that what banks need are bankers not promoters, and above all, not bank officials who are the agents of other interests. The Glass-Steagall bill has ordered a demobilization of bank affiliates within a year. Public opinion has been forcing the resignation of investment bankers from the directorates of many large banks. Attempts have been made to regulate holding-company banks which produced such vast disasters as those in Detroit and other cities, but the Glass-Steagall bill must be strengthened, if possible, to prohibit holding-company control of banks.

All this is said by way of introducing a new kind of bank to America—a stock-exchange bank. The New York Stock Exchange has let it be known that, according to some plan yet to be announced, it proposes to establish a bank which, of course, will be only secondarily a bank, but primarily an instrument for carrying out the purposes of the Exchange.

As the moment for the assembling of Congress approaches, it becomes clear that there will be a serious and comprehensive attempt to put an end to the preposterous and damaging activities of security speculation. Certainly an attempt will be made to control the flow of the people's bank deposits into stock-exchange gambling transactions. To do this all the powers of the government over banks will have to be invoked. But now we learn the Exchange is to establish a bank which will be a private bank—undoubtedly an unincorporated bank, like the Exchange, which will not be brought under the control of state or federal banking departments or of the Federal Reserve System. Apparently the Exchange, seeing the handwriting on the wall, is already preparing to evade the effects of unfriendly legislation.

Of course, the idea of a stock-exchange bank will include many features which may be quite useful to the Exchange, chiefly in connection with the custody and clearing of securities. But this bank, as a means of providing funds for stock-exchange gambling transactions outside the law, is something that will be well worth watching

In April, 1930, in the columns of The New Republic, I attempted to set out the vicious practices which marked the growth and development of American investment trusts. One of the horrible examples selected at that time was the United States and Foreign Securities Corporation and the United States and International Securities Corporation, organized by Dillon, Read and Company. The revelations of the Senate Committee these last two weeks have amply supported the picture of those two trusts as then drawn in The New Republic. What is a little amazing is that, in all this time, nothing has yet been done to prevent a repetition of these abuses. Dillon, Read and Company are investment bankers. They have securities to sell. They brought into existence these two trusts with

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$75 million of the public's money in them and then proceeded to unload on these trusts an endless stream of their own securities. It is an almost unbelievable thing that a banking house can do a thing like this, have the facts made public, and yet continue to exist. The facts as brought out by Mr. Pecora prove that most of the losses of the trusts were in those securities sponsored by Dillon, Read and Company.

Another fact disclosed, only as a kind of by-product of the inquiry, was the appearance which the bankers gave on the witness stand of being, even at this late date, utterly oblivious of the moral significance of what they did. Dillon himself presented a peculiarly distressing spectacle. He seemed to be pitifully unaware of the meaning of the facts being drawn out against him. He seemed, indeed, to be quite pleased with himself. He had members of his family present to witness his appearance. He radiated good feeling for everyone. When he heard that Ferdinand Pecora had been nominated on the McKee ticket in New York, in spite of the fact that the prosecutor had been relentlessly turning the unpleasant affairs of his firm inside out, he rushed over to Pecora and warmly congratulated him.

One need hope for nothing from the Dillons. But Dillon has a partner, Mr. Robert E. Christie, Jr. Christie is a young man as Wall Street bankers go. He has all the appearance of being a young man of intelligence and discernment. It is impossible that Christie does not realize the nature of the practices into which his firm was drawn under the leadership of Dillon. Christie has been named president of the Investment Bankers' Association. He has an opportunity now, in that high post, to lead his profession, badly stained during the past shameful dozen years, into a better system of ethics.

After all, in a capitalist society, the investment banker is an essential functionary. But he ought to be an investment banker and nothing else. He ought to be paid for his services as an investment banker. He should understand on which side of the counter he stands. And he should keep his hands religiously out of the pockets of his customers who stand on the opposite side. On the pretext of protecting those to whom he sells securities he has managed to worm himself into industry, banks, investment trusts, insurance companies. His customers do not need his protection. They need protection from him. He can protect them best by being a first-class, honest dealer in securities and nothing else. It is not possible that Mr. Christie does not perceive all this. Has he the idealism and the courage now to lead the investment bankers out of the muck in which they have been flourishing?

But society must not depend on these bankers to correct their morals. It must protect itself. Every state, without further delay, ought to make the necessary laws to protect its investors from investment trusts sponsored by investment bankers or any other sort of promoter who is interested, not in helping and safeguarding investors, but in exploiting them. The United States government has enacted a Securities Act. At this moment the full power of Wall Street, as well as that of some persons high in the government, is being used to weaken the Act. It affords a measure of protection to the buyers of investment-trust shares. But it is not sufficient. The states themselves must guard their citizens and the citizens themselves must exercise some vigilance. About eighty new investment trusts have been organized and have filed for registration under the Securities Act. At the earliest moment I propose to examine these trusts for the benefit of the readers of this department and to point out at least some of the precautions which the investor may take for his own protection.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Causeries

THERE is nothing to be important about with regard to Mr. and Mrs. Langner's (Alan Child and Isabelle Loudon) comedy. But "The Pursuit of Happiness" is so pleasantly thought out, with its tongue in its cheek, and so agreeably done as ensemble by a company that has been working in the Langners' summer theatre, that it ripples over into the audience with a fair hope of deserved success. The story is one of a Hessian soldier deserting from the British army, as so many did, and falling into a Christian family blessed with the grace of an only and pretty daughter. There is a neighboring suitor, tedious and somewhat landed, besides being a new deacon in the church. His suit, the intrusions and tyrannies of Reverend Lyman Banks, combine with a liberal father, a literal mother, naughty kitchen maid and the practice of bundling, to bring a happy ending: marriage before the Hessian departs with Colonel Mortimer Sherwood of the Virginia Lighthorse Cavalry to be interpreter for General Von Steuben. It is, so one might judge, the bundling theme that appears most binding for the New York audience. It even appears that many in the audience, being foreign in blood, have never heard from the true Americans that such a thing among us ever existed. Bundling, of course, consisted of the two young people's getting under the bedclothes together. I have always heard it explained by the fact that in sparse settlements young marriageable couples were obliged to know ahead of time what degree of procreative ability and attraction they were getting. In this comedy the matter is softened to their keeping warm on winter nights when firewood was scarce —which was a way of leaving at least the forests virgin— and the comedy's bundling implications are more lively and less practical than I had before imagined.

However that may be, bundling is in its way the hero of this piece. The tyrannical Reverend is out to prevent this habit of the devil, the Hessian lover is surprised and then delighted with it, and the audience is led from saucy innuendo to definite intimacy with the practice.

We might pause and think why so many in the audience, not only the foreign blooded, but also of pre-Revolution stock, though cut, have never even heard of this venerable New England institution on down past the Revolution. Perhaps this is explained by our racial, or Anglo-Saxon, power to arrange not things but our thoughts in such a manner as to leave our ideals shining. I used to read casually of King George's marriage to a woman whom, through the death of the Duke of Clarence, he had to put away for a Queen Mary worthy to share the British throne. But we have lost interest in all that. The good Queen Anne had women friends to an extent that had all the royal cousins over Europe writing one another about it; and her drunk-

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enness they added as a footnote. To us her glory shines through chair legs and sofas. Openly have we heard in ample literary novels, poems and annals of that Southern miscegenation, by which mulattoes, quadroons, octoroons and *griffes* came into this world. But during every intermission of "The Pursuit of Happiness," with the Puritans' bundling set out like that, the lobbies of the Avon Theatre rang with surprise, education, snickers or open delight, as the case might be. In a small way this ought to make us patient with the occasional failure on the Continent's part to evaluate truly our racial qualities. And so bundling is not among the Early American motifs at large. Paul Revere's ride is the one remembered and the ardent honor of John Alden.

Even more than the theme of bundling we may add that there are few in the audience for "The Pursuit of Happiness" who can have a very full idea of what the Reverend Banks represents, this Puritan ruler of the town, descended from the persecuted saints in the home country that we have been taught of, and trailing with him the sinister, as well as the holy, elements of the Kirk. About this Kirk what very few of us have been told is that the actions of its reverend leaders—of whom Charles I said that their chief maxim was that "all kings must submit to Christ's kingdom, of which they are the sole governors"—drove men on to such barbarities and excesses in war as have rarely been equaled in modern history, certainly not equaled by the Waldensian persecution about which later Milton was to write so handsome a sonnet. You can find in Buchan's "Montrose" an account of the victorious Covenant after the Battle of Philiphaugh. Three hundred women and their children were butchered, two hundred cooks and horse-boys and, next day, the paroles and promises of quarter broken, the unarmed, defeated troops shot down. To these excesses it was the Kirk leaders that drove on the soldiers.

The company plays, as I said, well together, and, moreover, lacks all signs of that hasty or noisy selection—depending on mere publicity values—that marks so much of our theatre. Mr. Charles Waldron, as Captain Kirkland, the father of the heroine, and Mr. Seth Arnold, as Reverend Banks, played most agreeably. Miss Peggy Conklin, as Prudence Kirkland, got soon into a persuasive line for a role more elusive than you might think: and Mr. Tonio Selwart, not so long out of the theatres of Bavaria, is convincing as the Hessian lover, with an unusual technical facility. Both he and Miss Conklin, whose costumes and stuffings were very pleasantly authentic, lost greatly through bad make-ups. Evidently make-up is one of the chief indulgences of our stage. Mr. Clifton Webb, for example, in "As Thousands Cheer," could easily take ten years off his age and twenty off his stage looks in many of the scenes, by learning make-up. Some of our actors dread anything that will make them look unlike themselves; in that case one must recall to them the fact that good make-up is also needed to keep you looking like yourself, after theatre lights and scene conditions strike you. One might judge make-up the most mystical of all matters pertinent to the theatre, when after all any player can look in the telephone book and find Madame Tamara Dayarkhanova (once of the Moscow Art Theatre and the Chauve Souris) and her school of make-up. We have thus in these younger roles of the new comedy only another illustration in our theatre of the ancient fact that when the weather is good you needn't trouble with patching the roof.

The Bible verse that cheers the lovers on in the bundling scene leads me to mention two poor economies esthetically that I have lately seen in two favored pieces. These examples are poor economy in exactly the same way. In Mr. O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness," the young lad speaks of Oscar Wilde's poem as "The Ballad of Reading Goal." I heard in the next intermission many people wondering whether this "goal" for "gaol" was intentional or what. Some said it was ignorance on diverse sides connected with the occasion; some said it was to show that the boy only read his modern wonders without having heard anyone pronounce them; and one man, graduate of a famous university, said he had always thought it was "goal." He could defend himself with saying that many Americans do pronounce the title that way, confused by the British spelling. This muddle in the play could easily be avoided by having one of the parents, who have at least seen the poem's title, smilingly correct the youth, still a child to them. At any rate it is obvious that dramatically our uncertainty hurts the moment's focus and is only a waste in the effect desired.

In "The Pursuit of Happiness" the main lyric motive in the bundling scene is from "Solomon's Song":

> The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing *of birds* is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

This passage is used first as a forwarding of romantic impulse in the shy, bedded lovers. It is then used, after Reverend Banks' spying and hectoring, as the lovers' own lyric resentment, jabbing at the saintly tyrant. They and love, etcetera, are the birds singing, they say, and the turtle is the Reverend. This humorous moment was blurred for me because of the fact that I did not know, as I still don't, whether the young people were joking or were ignorant of the meaning of "turtle"—which is not likely, since the word has always been, and in earlier days especially, synonymous with turtle dove and used for lovers also—or whether the authors of the piece did not know this. The italics in the King James version, indicate that "of birds" was put in by the translators to ease the sense, a mistake that hurts the parallelism characteristic of Hebrew poetry: the "singing" here balances the "turtle." Putting in "of birds" was also bad judgment because it mars the effect a verse or so after, where the beloved is "my dove."

In "Her Man of Wax" at the Shubert Theatre, adapted by Mr. Julian Thompson from the German of Hasenclever, there are enough remains to suggest that the original might be highly interesting, with Napoleon coming alive again (out of the waxworks) and confronting the world as it is today, with its peace conferences and armies and mechanical inventions and so on. And Miss Lenore Ulric, whether she has anything to act or not, or if so, whether at times she can think of nothing about it to act, is yet always an actress, always interesting as theatre waxworks at least, which is more and better than you can say of many of our players, who are not theatre at all.

STARK YOUNG.

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Labor and the N. R. A.

THE SCENE is a busy corner of Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington. Five hundred yards ahead is the Washington Monument, half a mile to the right is the Lincoln Memorial. In the ponderous hotel behind us two conventions are being held: the Washington conference of the Rotary Club and the annual convention of the American Federation of Labor. It is noon and both conventions have dumped their hundreds of delegates down the heavily carpeted, creaking elevators into the lobby. A haze of smoke from long black cigars . . . ponderous gray-haired men with heavy gold watchchains from which dangle an occasional rabbit's foot . . . some discussing the depression budget of Rotary, others debating the juridical procedure in the 1898 constitution of the Union of Trucksters and Teamsters. A few are still talking about President Green's moving sermon, delivered Sunday morning in Washington Cathedral: "Masters, render unto your servants that which is just and equal, knowing that ye also have a Master in Heaven."

But apparently some of the "servants" no longer know their places. Can it be that the Masters are finding themselves in a tight hole? Just across the street is the labyrinthine Department of Commerce Building, lately converted into the administration center of the N.R.A. There is a hearing before General Johnson and Deputy Administrator Whiteside on the Cotton Textile Code. The General enters a little late: "Sorry, but the fact is I guess I overslept." The hearing is on. Because of the inclusion of rayon and silk workers under the Cotton Textile Code, more than 65,000 workers have been thrown into strikes. Workers in rayon and silk who have been getting $20 a week have been asked to take $14.50 under the Code, and in the city of Paterson alone pay rolls have been decreasing at the rate of $500,000 a week.

Strange "class lines," these! Silk Czar Sloan pleads for the Code. The two unions, United Textile Workers (A.F. of L.) and National Textile Workers (Communist affiliate) attack it. Well and good! But Senator Kean (Republican, New Jersey) also attacks it, cheered by the workers, and so do most of the small silk and rayon manufacturers, as well as the desperate Paterson merchants with nobody to buy their goods any more!

What a spectacle! Deputy Administrator Whiteside makes a set speech about "This is no place for ultimatums" —and the battle is on. The "conservative" union leaders speak first.

"If the workers had had a word in it, a $13 minimum would never have been adopted in the Code. We want a separate code. We are fighting for a $37.50 minimum. We *don't* work fifty-two weeks a year; thirty-five to forty is the maximum. Mr. Roosevelt is aiming to raise the standard of living of the workers, but $13 is a starvation wage. Soon there will be no jobs in Paterson. Workers here in this room, Mr. Deputy Administrator, can tell you under sworn testimony that they have been receiving $10 and $9, not for a week's work, *but for two weeks' work!*"

The drama approaches its climax. Ann Burlak, "red flame" of the Hunger March last winter and twenty-two-year-old leader of the National Textile Workers' Union, is about to give the bosses hell. Spectacled operators in the front row shift uneasily in their seats, Mr. Whiteside nervously lights cigarette after cigarette and stares at the ceiling.

" . . . The manufacturers have done their best to see that the wages in the codes are kept at starvation levels. The strike of 65,000 workers is spreading and it is going to spread more. Our union pledges itself to fight the infamous, degrading and inhuman Cotton Textile Code. . . . What physical privation have the bankers and employers suffered through this depression, I'd like to know? The workers suffer every time the employers introduce a new machine. Inflation is an attack against a decent American standard of living among the workers. . . . We propose to send our organizers into the South and *bring* the standard of living up to the North. You employers are looking around for a way out; but we workers have the weapon of the strike and we're going to use it!"

She stops, gets her breath, and descends from the platform-microphone amid terrific applause and cheering. The assembly room is heavily guarded. I look around in amazement, expecting something to happen. But nothing happens. "Are you looking for any trouble?" I ask a cop. "Trouble? No! These people are good American citizens like the rest of us." While I am talking to Ann Burlak in the lobby a photographer steps up and asks her if he can take her picture with "the General." "I'm sorry," she says, "I would not allow my picture to appear with General Johnson; General Johnson symbolizes the N.R.A. and I am a worker."

SELDEN RODMAN.

The refusal of glove manufacturers in Gloversville, New York, to recognize the Independent Leather Workers' Union has precipitated a strike of 2,200 tanners in upper New York State. About fifty tanneries have been closed. Unionization of workers is new in this field, coming as an outgrowth of the tannery code. Asserting that "We don't want the local N.R.A. board to mediate," the strikers have appealed directly to General Johnson for an immediate investigation. The Gloversville Mediation Committee, like many others throughout the country, is composed of local business men; one of its members is, in fact, an employer in the tannery industry. The tannery code, the strikers contend, demands recognition of the union. In addition, they are asking for a closed shop and increased wages—a minimum wage of $4.20 a day, as against the present scale of from $2 to $3.50.

Teachers in the Harrisburg area of Pennsylvania, whose salaries have gone unpaid for eleven months, decided last week to follow the practice of discontented workers in other fields and go on strike. The five public schools in Jessup remained closed when the teachers—sixty-seven in number—refused to conduct their classes; ten out of eighteen teachers in the Pringle Borough School are also on strike for a similar reason. The strikers demand payment of at least four months of their eleven months' back salaries.

As the N.R.A is now functioning, the white-collar worker promises to become the forgotten man. According to Lawrence W. Zimmer, who is in charge of the New

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York University Employment Bureau, the salary paid the average college graduate holding an office position is lower now than it was several months ago. "The $20 to $22 job," he reports, "is now about a $15 job, because employers tend to keep their wages around the N.R.A. minimum." At the same time, there has been little if any shortening in hours of work. Total placements by the bureau since August have not been appreciably above those of last year. Mr. Zimmer also found that unrest among the unemployed is on the increase. They expected the N.R.A. to "find a job for them."

The National Labor Board has thus far been unable to settle the strike of 10,000 tool and die makers in Detroit, Flint and Pontiac. The workers, though engaged in automobile work, are employed under a "blanket code" which permits a forty-eight-hour week—as against the thirty-five-hour week in the automobile code. They are protesting this discrimination and insisting that they are entitled to a shorter work-week—they are asking for forty hours with a compensating increase in pay. The employers, however, have refused to accede, maintaining that they are observing the provisions of their code. In a brief which the Mechanics' Educational Society (the tool and die makers' union) has submitted to Senator Wagner, it is charged that the "N.R.A. has totally failed of its duty in this controversy" and that John M. Carmody, federal mediator, has adopted an attitude favorable to the employers. "Strike-breakers are being employed," the statement continues, "with the prospects of trouble which such tactics invariably precipitate, particularly when the men feel that they have been deserted by the national administration."

One of the fair-trade-practice provisions in the code for the Coat and Suit Industry is most unusual in that it provides protection for the workers—in contrast to the general run of clauses against unfair competition, which are chiefly for the benefit of employers. The clause requires that all suits and coats produced under the conditions prescribed in the industry's code must bear an N.R.A. label. The label has the blue-eagle insignia on it with the words "Manufactured under the Coat and Suit Authority." It also bears serial numbers for identification purposes. By means of these labels it is hoped to obtain thoroughgoing recognition of union standards not only within the industry but also among the consuming public.

When the office and shop employees of the Pere Marquette Railroad recently began to organize, officials of the railroad brought pressure to bear in favor of the formation of company unions. In response to the protests of the workers, Joseph B. Eastman, Coördinator of Transportation, has now ruled that such interference by railroad management is improper. For railroad workers, though they do not come under the N.R.A., are protected in collective-bargaining activities by the provisions of the Emergency Railroad Act. The Pere Marquette has, accordingly, agreed to adopt a hands-off policy. In announcing the settlement, Mr. Eastman made public a statement by the railroad. This declared that the Emergency Railroad Act gives "railroad employees absolute freedom of choice in joining labor organizations without coercion or influence of any description on the part of railway managements." And also that the law prohibits "the latter from using railroad funds to maintain any labor organization."

N.R.A. briefs: pay roll of the Consolidated Gas Company in New York City is lower now than before the company signed the President's reëmployment agreement. On December 31, 1932, it was $286,674.48 for 8,244 employees, while on August 31 of this year it was $281,361.18 for 9,077 employees. . . . The strike of 30,000 mill workers in New Jersey has hurt business so badly that the New Jersey Restaurant Association has informed General Johnson that "unless relief is received, every restaurant in New Jersey will take down the N.R.A. sign." The restaurant owners have been told to apply to their local N.R.A. boards for exemptions from the code "when necessary to avoid unavoidable hardship." . . . E. T. Weir, president of the Weirton and National Steel Companies, whose 13,000 employees have been on strike for several weeks, has finally yielded to the authority of the National Labor Board. The workers, it is reported, are to be taken back without discrimination and their chief demand—recognition of the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers of America will be decided by secret ballot in December.... Charles G. Mynatt, grocer of Knoxville, Tennessee, who sent his Blue Eagles back to the N.R.A. last week, saying that there were so many chiselers he could not afford to observe the code any longer, replaced the insignia in his store window at the request of General Johnson. However, he placed a "provisional" bar across each Blue Eagle. "It doesn't mean a thing," said Mr. Mynatt of the N.R.A., "I just put them back because I was asked to in the name of patriotism." . . .

CORRESPONDENCE

Deportation—a Protest in Reverse

SIR: James Gralton, a working Irish farmer, was recently deported to New York by an Irish government which is headed by the American-born Eamon De Valera. Peadar O'Donnell, Francis Stuart, Sean O'Casey and other Irish writers protested the deportation order, asking Mr. De Valera's Cabinet to make some specific charge and bring Gralton to trial. The trade unions and workers generally joined in the agitation, but the Ministry of Justice announced that Gralton was "undesirable and a citizen of the United States."

After taking out his United States papers many years ago, Gralton returned to Ireland and fought for almost two years, helping to establish the government that is now deporting him. At the end of the Anglo-Irish War he remained in arms with those who, like De Valera himself, did not want the Lloyd George-Cosgrave "Irish Republic." How these two years of service in Irish armies affect his United States citizenship is an additional complication in the case. Early in 1932, Gralton induced the unemployed workers and farmers of his parish to rebuild their Pearse Connolly Hall, which had been destroyed by the Black and Tans in 1922. It became what Æ and Sir Horace Plunkett pleaded for to brighten Irish rural life—a center for folk dancing, Gaelic classes, talks on Karl Marx and Russia, discussions on the significance of labor struggles in the great world that lay beyond the little hill-rimmed parish of County Leitrim.

Meanwhile the local pastor demanded that he be allowed to supervise the activities of the hall. The Gralton group offered a fifty-fifty arrangement, but this was refused; the pastor demanded

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that sole ownership and control be given to him. This was refused. Last Christmas Eve, while a dance was in progress, shots were fired into the hall; some windows were smashed, but no one was injured. Two Sundays later the pastor himself threw a handful of "clauber" [mud] in the face of the mild Pedar O'Donnell (author of "The Way It Was with Them" and "There Will Be Fighting"), who was holding a meeting of protest against the shooting. . . . About February 3 a bomb placed under the hall leveled it to the ground.

On February 26, while busy on his farm with the spring sowing, Gralton was ordered to leave the country by March 1 or be forcibly deported. He went "on the run." The next chapter must be written by the United States immigration officials. They have returned Communists to their native shores, even if it meant sending them to be executed, as in the terrible case of Manuel Torres. Gralton has publicly spoken of his reluctance to leave the farm where he was born to stand in an American breadline. . . . Can it be that our topsy-turvy federal officials will insist that a Communist who wants to leave this country remain here? . . .

New York City. EMMET G. MAGUIRE.

Afraid of Names

SIR: When Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn were in durance in a barn, they defined the situation in terms of a pirate's cave. One must dig one's way out of a pirate's cave with a case-knife. When Tom tired of dulling and nicking his knife, he pointed wistfully to a pickaxe lying near. "Hand me *that* case-knife," said he to Huck.

Having defined our captivity in terms of eighteenth-century individualism, having ignored the obvious escapes, it is my guess that we, the United States of America, are casting about for pick-axes which we can get by with by calling them case-knives.

We are far more fearful of names than of things. We cannot tolerate anything called "socialism," "confiscation" or even "public ownership." However, *bankruptcy* and *receivership* are good old individual concepts. Already government is acting as receiver for several bankrupt industries. Extend the principle through emergency legislation, and presto! you have a formula! When the melons and plums are squeezed, their owners turn them over—individualistically, of course!

Farms—railroads—banks—forests—coal—power plants—and what have you?

THOMAS D. ELIOT.

Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

Pareto and Economics

SIR: This is in comment on a paper in your issue of July 19, "Vilfredo Pareto, the Marx of the Middle Classes," by George E. Novack. I am concerned with only one point in the paper. Mr. Novack speaks of the mathematical economics of the Lausanne school, of which Pareto was a member, and says:

> It was elaborated upon the incredible hypothesis that the production, exchange and consumption of goods were carried on at a maximum efficiency in a world of free competition and free prices. . . . The reluctant laws of this school of political economy . . . have only the remotest connection with the real capitalist world of class societies and imperialist states, overproduction and recurrent crises, unstable currencies and price-fixing schemes, tariff barriers and monopolies. They are, in Bacon's phrase, "barren virgins."

I will illustrate my point from the history of a science considerably further advanced than economics, astronomy. Sir Isaac Newton elaborated his study of the phenomena of the tides upon the "incredible hypothesis" that the ocean was of a uniform depth and width and circled the Equator. The resultant laws discovered by Newton have "only the remotest connection" with the real world of Mediterranean Seas, nearly tideless, and Bays of Fundy, where the range of tides is forty feet. But Newton's laws were not "barren virgins." By means of his "incredible hypothesis," he had isolated one factor in phenomena determined by many factors; he had isolated the gravitational pull of the moon on the tides.

Using its "incredible hypothesis," the school of Lausanne isolated and described with mathematical rigor the action of a few factors in economic phenomena determined by many factors. As Mr. Novack says, the laws thus elaborated have "only the remotest connection" with the real world. But they were not for this reason "barren virgins." For, like any scientists, the school of Lausanne went on to isolate with new hypotheses further factors, and thus to reach descriptions successively closer to the real world.

It was because economics investigated only a limited number of the factors determining human society that Pareto began his study of sociology. He writes in the "Trattato di Sociologia Generale": "It is precisely because he recognized the necessity of a less incomplete synthesis [than that economics offered] that the author was led to undertake the long research the results of which are presented in the present work." And he admits that the "Trattato," like Newton's laws of the tides, is only a first approximate description of society. But it is not, because it is incomplete, a "barren virgin." . . .

Minot, Mass. GEORGE C. HOMANS.

It Was a Great War

SIR: I followed with interest the MacLeish-Cowley controversy in The New Republic of September 20 and October 4. The one thing that neither of them seems to consider is the fact that a lot of people were like myself and enjoyed the War. I don't think there was anything monstrous about me for liking it. The things I loved about it were all things that capitalism denies us in peacetime and that are apparently essential to any happiness: *i. e.*, close association with large numbers of one's fellow men in a common purpose, the chance to put forth intensive and disinterested effort in a cause greater than one's own personal concerns, economic equality, freedom from economic worries, adventure. Even the fact that I never did expect the War to "make the world safe for democracy" or anything else did not keep me from enjoying these features of it. One reason why I have been converted to the movement toward a new society is because I believe that it would give us these things, together with a greater scope for individual effort and expression than either war or peace has given us under capitalism.

Norwich, Vt. RAMON GUTHRIE.

Extracts from Letters

A CORRESPONDENT from Clearwater, Florida, who signs his initials T. W. S., sends us a quotation from A. A. Berle, Jr., one of the members of the Brain Trust. "One cannot accuse the bankers of being thieves merely because they avail themselves of a chance which the rules of the game give them." Our correspondent glosses this quotation by pointing out that the bankers "are sitting in with marked cards against their opponents, who are women and children."

M. C. Stewart and a number of associates, "aroused by the seriousness and complexity of the problems which confront us both at home and abroad" are forming a forum for "intimate and thorough discussion." It is the purpose of the Social Trends Forum, the name under which it is being organized, to present prominent persons and authorities to speak on various social and political subjects. Any of our readers interested in Mr. Stewart's endeavors may reach the Forum at 344 West Seventy-second Street, New York City.

C. F. Nesbit, an old subscriber who writes us a friendly letter from Watkins Glen, New York, agrees thoroughly with the picture of the farm today presented in the article, "How Far Back to the Land?" which we published in our August 9 issue. Mr. Nesbit's father went West with his two brothers, but in the four years they farmed there they learned that there was little in it for them. According to Mr. Nesbit, all they got for their hard work was freight, tax and interest receipts, and "so they all quit and went, one into law, and two into banking, and prospered."

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Again, O Ye Laurels

Talifer, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. 98 pages. $1.75.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON, the most famous of living American poets, was born at Head Tide, Maine, on December 22, 1869. He attended Harvard from 1891 to 1893, but left college without being graduated. In 1896 he printed privately his first book of verse, "The Torrent and the Night Before," which was followed a year later by "The Children of the Night," a volume little noticed at the time but one which marks the beginning of a new era in American poetry. In the next fourteen years he published two more books, "Captain Craig" (1902) and "The Town Down the River" (1910); but it was not until 1916 that he attracted attention and first attained to a notable fame. For with "The Man Against the Sky," Mr. Robinson stepped quickly into the front rank of American verse. In the earlier years of his career he wrote some of the finest lyrics of modern times: these are likely to become the foundation of his permanent claim to fame.

The new volume, "Talifer," is a psychological narrative of the order of "Captain Craig"; it is the eighth or ninth specimen of this type of work that Mr. Robinson has given us. Because the type has grown thinner with each new example, the new narrative being, I believe, the least satisfactory of them all, it is the occasion of some inquiry into the causes of Mr. Robinson's preference for this particular form. It is a form that includes the three Arthurian poems, "Merlin," "Lancelot" and "Tristram," psychological stories that are in all respects similar to the New England tales of Nightingale, Cavender, Bartholow. All is the same but the time and place; for the characters are the same.

In "Talifer" there are four characters, two men and two women. The woman Althea—the name is a dry piece of humorous abstraction—is in love with Talifer; she is woman domestic and sensitive but commonplace and child-bearing. Talifer himself is an ordinary man, but he talks of his "tradition," carries himself well, and expects of life more than his inner quality entitles him to: so he imagines that he is in love with the other woman, Karen, who is beautiful, treacherous, cold and erudite, dividing her time between inscrutable moods and incredible reading in the ancients. She is vaguely conceived by the poet, so that the entire motivation of the hero's action remains obscure. Talifer is fatuous enough to say that with Karen he expects to find Peace. Life becomes, after a year or two with her, intolerable. Then, one day in his ancestral forest, he meets Althea (who still loves him), and he decides to leave Karen. Now all this time, the other man, Doctor Quick, could have been in love with either of the women; he is too skeptical to push his desires; and his role in the drama is that of commentator. He explains the action to the other characters, and affords to the poet a device by which the real actors become articulate. The story ends with the reappearance, after a couple of years, of Quick: in the meantime Talifer has married Althea, who has a child. Although Quick himself had tried to participate in life by taking Karen off to a "cottage in Wales," his return testifies to his failure. But he is not much affected by it. He proceeds to analyze for Althea and Talifer the true basis of their love, which is thoroughly commonplace after a good deal of romantic pretense.

Mr. Robinson's style in the new poem is uniform with the style of its predecessors: it is neither better nor worse than the style of "The Glory of the Nightingales" or of "Cavender's House." It requires constant reviewing by Mr. Robinson's admirers to keep these poems distinct; at a distance they lose outline and blur into one another. They really constitute a single complete poem that the poet has not succeeded in writing, a poem of which these indistinct narratives are partial formulations.

We get, in them all, a character doomed to defeat—or a character who, when the tale opens, is a failure in the eyes of his town, but who wins a secret moral victory, as in "The Man Who Died Twice." But Talifer, whose conceit betrays him into an emotional life that he cannot understand, is not quite defeated. The tragic solution of his problem being rejected by Mr. Robinson, and replaced by a somewhat awkward bit of domestic irony, Talifer at first sight appears to be a new kind of Robinsonian character. Yet the novelty, I think, lies merely in the appearance. For Talifer is the standard Robinsonian character grown weary of his tragic role, accepting at last the fact that his tilt at fate had less intensity than he supposed, and

> with grateful ears
> That were attuned again to pleasant music
> Heard nothing but the mellow bells of peace.

That is the end of the poem.

I have remarked that the character of Karen is vaguely conceived, with the result that Talifer's relationship with her lacks motivation. Those mellow bells of peace are therefore a little hollow in sound, for their ring is as inexplicable as the noisy chaos of the erudite Karen, upon whose prior significance they entirely depend. The plot, in brief, lacks internal necessity. And the domestic peace of the conclusion remains arbitrary, in spite of Mr. Robinson's efforts through his mouthpiece, Doctor Quick, to point it up with some sly irony at the end. The irony is external—as if Mr. Robinson had not been able to tell the story for what it was, and had to say: This is what life is really like, a simple wife and a child—while ring those bells of peace that would be tiresome if one had more sense.

Mr. Robinson's genius is primarily lyrical; that is to say, he seldom achieves a success in a poem where the idea exceeds the span of a single emotion. It is, I think, significant that his magnificent poem "The Mill" is highly dramatic, whereas the whole range of his narrative verse yields but a few moments of drama that are swiftly dispersed by the dry casuistry of the commentary upon them. The early "Richard Cory" is a perfect specimen of Mr. Robinson's dramatic powers—when those powers are lyrically expressed; similarly "Luke Havergal" is one of the finest lyrics of modern times.

It is most probable that the explanation of the popular success of "Tristram," and of most of the Robinson narratives, lies in the loss of the dramatic instinct by the contemporary public. It is a loss increasingly great since the rise of middle-class comedy in the eighteenth century. Instead of the tragic hero whose downfall is deeply involved with his supra-human relations, we get the romantic, sentimental hero whose problem is chiefly one of adjustment to society, on the one hand, and, on the other, one of futile self-assertion in the realm of the personal ego. Mr. Robinson's Talifer exhibits both these phases of the modern sensibility: he plays with his ego in the irrational marriage with Karen, and he later sees his difficulty strictly in terms of a social institution, or of social adjustment, in the second marriage with Althea (who, of course, represents "truth"). The dramatic approach to the situation that Mr. Robinson

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set for his story is put aside; for the dramatic approach would have demanded the possession, by the hero, of a comprehensive moral formula. He would have applied this formula with extreme rigor to his total conduct, with the result that it would have broken down somewhere and thrown the hero into tragic consequences, from which it would be impossible for him to escape. The story as it is told is hardly more than anecdotal; Mr. Robinson turns his plot, at the end, into a commonplace joke about the deliquescent powers of marriage on the pretensions of human nature.

It is one of the anomalies of contemporary literature that Mr. Robinson, who has given us a score of great lyrics, should continue to produce these long narrative poems, one after another, until the reader can scarcely tell them apart. We may guess at the reason for this. Our age provides for the poet no epos or myth, no pattern of well understood behavior, which the poet may examine in the strong light of his own experience. For it is chiefly those times that prefer one kind of conduct to another, times that offer to the poet a seasoned code, which have produced the greatest dramatic literature. Drama depends for clarity and form upon the existence of such a code. It matters little whether it is a code for the realization of good, like Antigone's; or a code for evil like Macbeth's. The important thing is that it shall tell the poet how people try to behave, and that it shall be too perfect, whether in good or in evil, for human nature. The poet seizes one set of terms within the code—for example, feudal ambition in Macbeth—and shows that the hero's application of the code to his own conduct is faulty, and doomed to failure. By adhering strictly to the code, the poet exhibits a typical action, and if he is a Shakespeare he exhibits it with finality. But Mr. Robinson has no epos, myth or code to tell him what the terminal points of human conduct are, in this age; so he goes over the same ground, again and again, writing a poem that will not be written.

It has been pointed out by T. S. Eliot that the best lyric poetry of our time is dramatic, that it is good because it is dramatic. It is a tenable notion that the dramatic instinct, after the Restoration and down to our own time, survived best in the lyric poets. With the disappearance of general patterns of conduct, the power to depict action that is both *single* and *complete* also disappears. The dramatic genius of the poet is held to short flights, and the dramatic situation is a fragment of a total action which the poet lacks the means to delineate. It is to be hoped that Mr. Robinson will again exercise his dramatic genius where it has a chance for success: in lyrics.

ALLEN TATE.

The Founders of the Fabians

Sidney and Beatrice Webb, by Mary Agnes Hamilton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 321 pages. $3.50.

MRS. HAMILTON has written an attractive and competent book about two of the most remarkable figures in contemporary public life. It was well worth doing, for there has been nothing in British politics since Bentham so profound or so creative as the influence exerted by the Webbs. Mrs. Hamilton would not claim for her book that it goes very deeply below the surface; but she has painted a really sympathetic picture of what Mr. and Mrs. Webb are like as people, and that was certainly well worth doing.

She is, I think, wholly right in making their work center round the rise and growth of the British Labor party. Regarded historically, the importance of the Webbs lies in the fact that they were the first people to realize the impotence of liberalism in England as a final category of social evolution; and their work did more than that of anyone else to give to the doctrine of socialism its necessary pragmatic roots in the English scene. They first made amply plain the significance of the trade-union movement; they first saw the full historic significance of consumers' coöperation; and they first realized the implications of that peculiar system of local government in England which still awaits its philosophic expositor. Fabianism, in their hands, may claim to have made the Liberal party first seek to confront the social problem and, next, proclaim its impotence before it. They have done more than anyone of whom I have knowledge to make the study of contemporary social movements in the best sense both a scientific and an educational process. From any angle, the quality of their work is beyond comparison the most creative done in Great Britain in the social sciences since Bentham died.

Mrs. Hamilton has drawn an admirable picture of them as people; I would note only one or two things worth, perhaps, more emphasis than she gives them. They are remarkably open-minded; an interesting quality in the light of Mrs. Webb's equal capacity for a wholesale and fighting dogmatism. They have a power of intellectual growth which is rare indeed; Shaw and Wallas, to take two of their most intimate contemporaries, varied very little in outlook in the forty-odd years after "Fabian Essays" were published. They can get on with every type of person; few people can have been so catholic either in their choice of friends or of instruments. They have always realized that simplicity ranks among the highest of the social virtues; and that has permitted them an egalitarian outlook which is more rare than we like to admit. They have the faculty of institutional inventiveness; I have always maintained that to sit on a committee with Webb is about as good a training as there is in the technique of administration.

There are one or two things in Mrs. Hamilton's account which seem to me less certain than she makes them. Profound as is my affection for Sidney Webb, I think he was, on both occasions, a failure as a Minister of the Crown. Partly, no doubt, it was not his *métier;* but, even granted that, he showed in the Palestine affair a curious lack of psychological insight which was an index to deeper things. Rousseau used to say that he loved Man but not men; of the Webbs I think it could be fairly said that they understand the working of institutions better than they understand the men for whom they are worked. I do not think they have ever grasped the reason why the passion for liberty remains so profound. They can understand a great civil servant like Sir Robert Morant, or a great revolutionary like Lenin; I do not think they can understand the Gandhis or the Nevinsons of this world. I still think their attitude in the South African War—which Mrs. Hamilton does not deal with adequately—quite unpardonable; and I think it is the index to a great deal in them of primary importance. They are pragmatists at bottom, in something more than method; with the result that their acceptance of the half-loaf tends to blind them to consequences which go deeper than they know.

But they have done a big work in a big way. They have lived selflessly and tirelessly in the service of their fellow men. They have always cared for the big things; and their power of coöperation to obtain them has been a great lesson in self-discipline to all who have worked with them. They are the supreme public servants of Great Britain in this generation.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

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By Fire and Fraud

The Brown Book of the Hitler Terror and the Burning of the Reichstag, prepared by the World Committee for the Victims of German Fascism. With an introduction by Lord Marley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 348 pages. $2.50.

SAID Dr. Alfons Sack in the courtroom at Leipzig, "It is unworthy of a German lawyer to produce as evidence here rumors and political allegations, such as are contained in 'The Brown Book,' that Minister Göbbels devised the arson plan, that Prime Minister Göring executed it and that Police President Heines of Breslau, Police President Count Helldorf of Potsdam and Storm Troop Leader Ernst Roehm participated in it." Dr. Sack was certainly not speaking in his role as defense attorney for the Communist Ernst Torgler; he was speaking as a Nazi. And like so many Nazi gestures directed at the world outside—in fact, like the trial itself—Dr. Sack's disparagement of "The Brown Book" will probably produce the opposite of the desired effect and focus still more attention on this *"J'Accuse!"* against German fascism. It may be "unworthy" of a prominent Nazi lawyer like Dr. Sack, but it deserves the closest study by non-Nazi readers; and in America particularly, where very real interest in the dramatic, farcical trial sessions is hampered by lack of adequate information on the immediate and larger issues involved, the book should satisfy a genuine need.

Although it is a most complete record of the real defense case, "The Brown Book" is far more a history of Hitlerism than mere occasional pamphleteering. Not more than a third of the American version is occupied by proofs. These may be classified as follows: first, the Nazis were the *only* group in Germany who stood to gain anything from a spectacular crime like the burning of the Reichstag; second, the prosecution's assertions and evidences of Communist guilt or complicity are self-contradictory, impossible or obviously fraudulent; third, the life of van der Lubbe, the circumstances surrounding the blaze and the memorandum of the murdered Nationalist leader, Dr. Oberfohren (published in a recent issue of The New Republic), prove that the fire was planned, directed and executed by Nazis—notably those personages in Sack's denial. With a minor exception or two, every important factual and logical inconsistency in the official Nazi version (or rather versions, for, as the book shows, the prosecution's case has been changed repeatedly) has been gathered; thirty-one contradictions are listed, not always in the most constructive sequence, but with cumulative effect. Damning circumstances and incidents are added, until the Oberfohren document becomes not a proof in itself, but rather a summary and clarification of the independent proofs of Nazi guilt.

The remainder of the book deals with the political background and consequences of the Reichstag fire. The first two chapters, in a few more than forty pages, give the most compact and enlightening summary of post-war Germany's descent into the maelstrom—with emphasis on the checkered career of the National Socialist party. More than chronology justified placing the chapter, "Destruction of the Workers' Organizations," immediately after the exposé of the fire, and at the head of the section describing the terror. It is followed by "The Campaign Against Culture," "Brutality and Torture," "Persecution of the Jews," "Concentration Camps," "Murder," culminating in "The German Workers' Fight Against Fascism." The anti-Semitic outrages of Hitlerism are adequately but not disproportionately emphasized. The case method has been used as far as possible, and with a care that justifies Lord Marley's claim: "Every statement . . . has been carefully verified and is typical of a number of similar cases. Not a single one . . . is . . . exceptional." Good sense as well as zeal, caution as well as conviction, were with the editors who sought out and assembled this unique mass of material, amazing or horrifying in detail, convincing in total effect.

About 10 percent of the German version was weeded out of the American "Brown Book." Mostly, appeals to emotion were cut, but some significant matter was lost as well. The "Braunbuch über Reichstagsbrand und Hitler-Terror" has about three times as many illustrations and documentary reproductions, is more soberly and durably bound and is cheaper than the present rather unattractive volume. The translation (made in England) suffers occasionally from unnecessary complexity.

Here is a Brown Guidebook to the trial-travesty, to Hitler Germany, to the deeper significance of fascist movements all over the world today. HERBERT KLEIN.

White Man's Burden

Oil for the Lamps of China, by Alice Tisdale Hobart. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

Durbar, by Dennis Kincaid. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.

Monsoon, by Wilfrid David. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

Mandoa, Mandoa! by Winifred Holtby. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

EMPIRE is a word that still has more than a vestigial glory, though the thing itself is no longer the glorious reality it once may have been. The dominant empire of our day has been the British; it has seemed natural to Anglo-Saxons that this should be so, and sad that it is so no longer. There have been other empires, alas, and doubtless will be, but you cannot expect the Anglo-Saxon mind to get much comfort from the thought of Anglo-Saxon evanescence. Each of these four novels, in its different way, sings a minor obbligato to the diminishing theme of Empire.

The American "empire," as every good American knows, is a mere scattering of islands and "spheres of influence" obtained by pure accident and held from quixotic, not to say dog-in-the-manger, principles. The American Empire is not really of this world. America has never claimed China, for instance, as her material but only as her spiritual property. We have paid China the supreme compliment of wishing to civilize her. In "Oil for the Lamps of China" Mrs. Hobart shows that she is aware of the Y.M.C.A. nature of American foreign trade and that it makes her a little uneasy. She writes her novel like a broad-minded missionary who has learned the difficult truth that some foreigners are human. But in spite of all temptations she remains a missionary. Her hero, an earnest young go-getter in the employ of an American oil company, regards his job in China as a weary exile heartened by the prospect of marriage to the girl he left behind him. When she turns him down he marries another. With the lure of marriage removed, he is driven to success by the fear of losing his job. At the end he is left facing a pretty future: China is no longer safe for his wife and he must send her home, while he remains, a slave to his inexorable Company, selling oil in a country on fire with revolution. "Oil for the Lamps of China" is not much of a novel—it is both

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diffuse and incomplete—but it adds one to the growing pile of documents in the case of West vs. East; its evidence has the awkward grace of bewilderment.

England's Empire, which has always been very much of this world, was founded on India and still precariously balances there. But it is no longer the fashion, even among Englishmen—except for such prominent members of the unburied dead as Kipling and his club-mates—to pretend that India is a peacefully inferior province. Some years ago E. M. Forster's "A Passage to India" startled Greater Britons by seeming to suggest that Indians, as people, had their points. Mr. Kincaid's "Durbar," a neat study in oil and water, reiterates this subversive suggestion. The novel's scene is Krishnagad, capital of an "independent" native state, complete with spineless Europeanized rajah, wily vizier, plotting queen-dowager and hearty, matter-of-fact English Resident. In one fateful day of counter-plot and quiet murder an uprising is nipped in the bud; the English Resident and his household have been aware of nothing but a garden party and the cancellation of a religious procession. By alternating melodrama and satiric realism Mr. Kincaid has shown us a neater scheme than Mrs. Hobart's. Its upshot, however, is just as dark.

"Monsoon," another English novel about India—and this time by an Anglo-Indian—is in itself an enlightening commentary on the phenomenon of decline and fall. Written in that high-pitched, giggling tone of voice that we have lately come to associate with the more offensive products of the English Universities, this unworthy example of the Huxleyan school makes a very disagreeable impression on the American reader who is not yet the sniggering sort. "Monsoon" is a badly failed attempt at brilliant satire. Mr. David's hero, a gigolesque impossibility posing as a picaresque character, comes to India to live with his charlatan cousin, is amused, interested, faintly disgusted by the *babu* mélange that everywhere meets his drooping eyes, seduces his cousin's wife and is accidentally shot by political zealots. Nobody will miss him. And that goes for every caricature-character in the book. When an Englishman says a thing is frightfully amusing, he *may* mean something. But in this case it is kindest to infer that he means nothing at all.

Miss Holtby's imperialist satire, "Mandoa, Mandoa!" which she subtitles "a comedy of irrelevance," is a brilliant performance—so brilliant, indeed, that while we are being entertained by it we almost fail to notice how well Miss Holtby is arguing her case. Her case is, in brief, that the white man's burden is not inferior races but his own "superior" civilization. A very civilized person herself, Miss Holtby is careful not to prove too much—careful not to prove, for instance, that either civilization or savagery is an unmixed evil. She is content to let these two irrelevancies demonstrate themselves as very mixed blessings. And the result of this extremely mixed mixture? The result, which Miss Holtby contemplates with a sigh, a shrug and a smile, can only be silently indicated as a further and even less conclusive irrelevance.

"Mandoa, Mandoa!" tells of a smugly backward country in the interior of Africa, a nominally Christian matriarchy which subsists largely on the slave trade and dreams of its self-sufficient greatness. Mandoa is nationalism *in parvo*. It so happens that an English travel agency's scheme for opening up the country to tourists chimes with the ambitions of the Mandoan progressives. A hotel is built, an airport; when the scheduled tours arrive a big jamboree, rivaling the late magnificence at Addis Ababa, is put on for their benefit. When it is over, Mandoa collapses again into its smug savagery. The English travel agency has made some money and acquired prestige; the British government has established another sphere of influence; the Mandoan progressives have had an exciting foretaste of the metallic joys of Europe.

But what can you expect? Miss Holtby seems to say. The British Empire is ridiculous, if you like; our white man's civilization is ridiculous; but it must go on conquering or die: it is that kind of system. Miss Holtby is a sensible woman, and she sees the hopelessness of that aim, the already indicated finiteness of its end; but she is also a product of the system she writes about. If she had carried her story to its logical extreme, it would not have been very pleasant for us either. T. S. MATTHEWS.

Religion Takes Stock

Religion Today, edited by Arthur L. Swift. New York: Whittlesey House. 250 pages. $2.50.

The Religious Situation, by Paul Tillich. Translated by H. Richard Niebuhr. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 182 pages. $1.50.

ROBERTSON SMITH has pointed out that in primitive religion it is ritual which generates dogma and not the other way round, as is generally supposed. First, there is the rite; then some credo is evolved to fit it. Something like the same anthropological principle is operative in Professor Swift's symposium "Religion Today," originally presented as a series of lectures at the New School of Social Research. Though the collection earnestly endeavors to be a dispassionate investigation into "the function of religion in society, past, present and future," the fact that nine of the fifteen papers are by contributors "for whom religion is a vocation" weights this inquiry heavily on the side of apologia rather than investigation. In the background of a lot of scholarly discussion is the fact that in the United States, as one of the contributors brings out, there are 232,000 churches with church property valued at $7,000 million and an annual budget of $840 million. They have 44 million members and their Sunday-school enrolment (21 millions) is only 15 percent less than the public-school enrolment of the country. In other words, the background is organized institutionalized religion—and to this fact, by devious paths, much of the speculation returns. Even the lay contributors, who include Morris Cohen, Alvin Johnson, David Muzzey, Fritz Wittels, are not entirely immune, and Alvin Johnson is tempted to comfort religion with the possibility of a religious revival "which may confound the scientific rationalists just as the wave of Christian doctrine confounded the philosophical rationalists of the Greco-Roman world."

The evolution of religion is instructively illustrated in another trend of the collection. Formerly religion was the supreme social institution from which all others derived sanction and support. In "Religion Today" the process is reversed. In an attempt to justify the ways of God to man, religion clutches at the skirts of every other human institution, and ethics, philosophy, science, art, politics and psychoanalysis are all subpoenaed as character witnesses for their fallen sister. The reaction reaches its climax in "Catholicism and Democracy," the Catholic contribution to the series, in which Dr. John A. Ryan elucidates the seven sacraments by proving that, contrary to the general impression, the Catholic Church was the mother of modern democracy.

As a result of all this special pleading the main issue is lost sight of—and that is survival of the religious spirit in modern secularized society. Professor Tillich, whose

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book, for the purpose of this review, may be considered part of the symposium, shows himself to be aware of the nature of the problem. In "The Religious Situation" he assays science, philosophy, art and politics, Greek and Roman Catholicism, Protestantism and Judaism for their metaphysical and religious content, and comes to the conclusion that "the most important religious movements are developing outside of Religion."

For this reason—and not because "the natural is swallowing up the supernatural," as John Haynes Holmes says—the future is dark for organized religion. The traditional *functions* of religions are being taken over by their secular rivals. Just as the catharsis of tragedy, originally a rite of religion, has been annexed by art, so physics has taken over its cosmology, and experimental psychology its problems of sin and salvation. Yet there seems little ground for believing that what we can call the religious spirit will disappear. In primitive society human institutions were dominated by religion, but magic, "the applied science" of primitive religion, was highly utilitarian, and performed functions that science performs now. In modern society, human institutions are dominated by science, but science is becoming less utilitarian, more metaphysical, even, in this sense, "religious."

ALTER BRODY.

Book Notes

BELLES LETTRES

JOSEPH CONRAD: His Philosophy of Life, by William Wallace Bancroft. *Boston: The Stratford Company. 94 pages. $1.50.*

In 1895 Conrad wrote, "Everyone must walk in the light of his own heart's gospel. No man's light is good to any of his fellows . . . That's my view of life—a view that rejects all formulas, dogmas and principles of other people's making. These are a web of illusions." He wrote also, "Imagination should be used to create human souls: to disclose human hearts—and not to create events that are *accidents* only." Again he wrote that an author should not try to explain, "for a work of art should speak for itself. Yet much could be said on the other side; for . . . a work of art is not a logical demonstration carrying its intention on the face of it."

Even in these simple statements, quoted in the foreword, there is the poignant quality of Conrad's prose. They tell us plainly his attitude toward life and toward his work, which we find more subtly elaborated in his stories; they bring to mind instantly the men and women whom he created, in their fateful struggles with themselves, each other and the universe; with "what is false within," and what is cruel, indifferent or incomprehensible without. Professor Bancroft finds in Conrad "not only the Kantian notion of the Moral Law, but Hegel's treatment of 'existences and reality,' and, somewhat, Bosanquet's 'World,'" and much more that is traditional in his attempt to translate Conrad's meaning into the professional vocabulary of philosophy. Much of what he says of the latter's philosophy and the detailed analysis of its expression in his characters is undoubtedly perceptive and true, but it is all implicit and frequently explicit in Conrad's own writings, which the author habitually quotes to confirm his views. But the author's views are often illuminating even if the manner of presentation is not—and he makes one want to reread Conrad.

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY, MODERN BRITISH POETRY, a combined edition, edited by Louis Untermeyer. *New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1,712 pages. $4.75.*

A typographical *tour de force.* Louis Untermeyer's two successful anthologies have been very well printed on Indian paper and issued together at a price of about a quarter of a cent per page.

HISTORY

AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY, by Erik McKinley Eriksson and David Nelson Rowe. *New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 527 pages. $4.75.*

This volume is not a constitutional history in any proper sense of the term, but a thoroughly conventional and uncritical textbook in American government. It traces, accurately though not understandingly, the organization of American colonial governments, the formation of state and federal Constitutions, and the development of the federal Constitution through processes of amendment, judicial interpretation and usage, with some attention to the vicissitudes of the Constitution during wartime. The authors have found abundant space for the statistics of salaries of scores of subordinate officials in the civil service, but none for analyses, criticism or interpretation of the major and significant contributions of our constitutional system.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE: Vol. VII, Part II; New Zealand, edited by Holland Rose, A. P. Newton and E. A. Benians. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 322 pages. $3.50.*

In this history authorities in each field take up in turn the climate, geography and economic development of New Zealand; the racial characteristics, social organizations, culture and [illegible] of the Maoris, the aborigines of the islands; Captain Cook's [illegible]ration; the later systematic exploration undertaken by the [illegible] government; the role o[illegible] the missionaries and the companies [illegible]taking colonization; the development of constitutional gover[illegible] the wars with the natives; recent economic and political developments; the position of New Zealand in the British Empire; New Zealand in the World War; social life and culture. These topics are competently handled, though few are given distinguished treatment.

THE HISTORY OF GERMANY: People and State, by Herman Pinnow. *Translated by Mabel Brailsford. New York: The Macmillan Company. 481 pages. $2.75.*

Dr. Pinnow's power to chart historical currents can be gauged by his prophecy, made in this book, written shortly before the Nazi triumph, that the good sense and sobriety of the German people would triumph over exaggerated nationalism. In his survey of the German past, his lack of any decisive standpoint about which events and tendencies could integrate themselves makes his treatment unprecise and confusing. At one time his interpretation is heavily materialistic; at another patriotically mystical; and sometimes he shows a pious determination to prove that man's destiny is promising, and that even disasters work out for the general good.

SCIENCE

GREAT MEN OF SCIENCE: A History of Scientific Progress, by Philipp Lenard. *Translated by Dr. H. Stafford Hatfield, with a preface by E. N. de C. Andrade. New York: The Macmillan Company. 389 pages, illustrated. $3.*

Professor Lenard, a Nobel prize-winner, is well known to scientists for his original work in physics and radiology at the University of Heidelberg. In this very informative volume he presents an interpretation of science as illustrated by the lives and achievements of sixty-five notables from Pythagoras to Friedrich Hasenohrl. His selection is primarily from the physical sciences, biology being represented by Mendel, Darwin and Linnaeus. With the exception of William Crookes and Van der Waals, no scientists alive at the end of the World War are included: this at once eliminates all discussion of relativity, to say nothing of recent advances in quantum physics and biochemistry. Dr. Lenard's point of view is decidedly individualistic and ethical; appreciation for his considerable knowledge of scientific history is marred by his easy dismissal of Aristotle as "an obvious symptom of degeneration." He is also known as a nationalist with very strong Teutonic convictions; this attitude leads him to say that early Greek science "was hopelessly ruined by the influx of Asiatic and African elements" (contrast with Dr. George

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Sarton's view in his monumental "Introduction to the History of Science") and that, for a Renaissance to occur, "it was necessary that new men from the North, the only home on earth of the seekers and bringers of light, should again come southwards."

Fiction

THE MERE LIVING, by B. Bergson Spiro. *New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.*

We are introduced to a middle-class family of four as they are getting out of bed; we follow their separate mental and physical activities up till the moment they drop off to sleep. Mrs. Sullivan spends part of the day in a doctor's office, where she is told she needs an operation. Mr. Sullivan goes to his office, which he hates, and discovers that his partner has been swindling him. Their son Paul cuts classes to discuss philosophy with his chum. His sister Nancy, whose philosophy of life varies with the latest cinema, spends her off-afternoon in the apartment of an artist who intends to make her his mistress. The family convenes again for supper; their banalities, their quarrels, emphasize the idea that though they live in apparent intimacy they know nothing about one another. "The Mere Living" is Joyce's Mr. Bloom in quadruple, "Remembrance of Things Past" in twenty-four hours and Dorothy Richardson at one's fingertips. Sometimes it tastes like a cocktail, sometimes like hash.

UNTHINKABLE, by Francis Sibson. *New York: Harrison Smith and Robert Haas. $2.*

One of the curious and significant features of our present society is that everybody has taken to writing novels about the end of it. Here is a good story about an expedition of chosen men marooned for two years in the Antartic. After the greatest perils, they make their way back to civilization, only to find that civilization no longer exists—it has been destroyed suddenly by poison gas in a sudden war. With a few befuddled survivors, the men of the expedition set about the task of building a new world.

The article by Amos Pinchot on George Record, which was advertised to appear in this issue of The New Republic, was necessarily held over. It will be published next week.

Contributors

EMILY WHITE STEVENS has for the last three years been making a study of the problem of adequate food consumption in the South at the University of North Carolina.

ELLA WINTER, in private life Mrs. Lincoln Steffens, is a graduate of the London School of Economics. She is the author of "Red Virtue," a study of human relationships in Russia. During the past summer she has been investigating the labor situation in California.

SELDEN RODMAN, a co-editor of the monthly magazine, Common Sense, now the organ of the League for Industrial Political Action, is the author of a book of verse, "Mortal Triumph," which was published last year.

ALLEN TATE, the author of several volumes of verse and of two biographies, has recently completed "The Fathers," a book on the social backgrounds of American life.

HAROLD J. LASKI, whose writings on social and economic subjects are well known to readers of The New Republic, is a faculty member of the London School of Economics. His most recent book was "The Foundations of Sovereignty and Other Essays."

HERBERT KLEIN, a graduate of Stanford University, has lived in Germany for a number of years as Berlin correspondent for several American newspapers.

T. S. MATTHEWS, literary editor of Time, is the author of a novel, "To the Gallows I Must Go."

ALTER BRODY is the author of a book of verse and of "Lamentations," four folk plays of the American Jew.

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